

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

VOL. LIII, No. 17
WHOLE No. 1347

August 3, 1935

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$4.00 A YEAR

CONTENTS

EDITORIALS —Note and Comment.....	385-389
TOPICS OF INTEREST: Collecting "Association Items" by Alan Devoe — A President Reviews His Life by John LaFarge, S.J. — Castelli Romani by Augusta L. Francis—"Parnassus on Wheels" by Genevieve Cowles.....	390-396
POETRY: The Vows of Religion.....	396
EDUCATION: A Refuge for Lame Ducks by John Wiltbye.....	397-398
SOCIOLOGY: Is the Constitution Outmoded? by William F. Kuhn.....	398-400
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF by The Pilgrim.....	400-401
LITERATURE: Babies' Book Shelf by Eileen Flick	401-402
REVIEWS OF BOOKS ..403-404.. COMMUNICATIONS ...405.. CHRONICLE ...	406-408

Madmen in Germany

SINCE the second week of July, events have been taking place in Germany which are, or should be, of the gravest concern to the civilized world. Radical leaders have been advanced to key positions in the government of Hitler, and almost every day has been marked by fresh outrages against Catholics and Jews. Today official Germany resembles nothing so much as a madhouse.

It has been said that this movement in Germany is of a piece with the movement begun some fifteen years ago in this country by the Ku Klux Klan. In reality, however, the likeness between the two is altogether superficial. The Klan was made up for the most part of men in the lowest classes of society to whom hatred and race prejudice particularly appeal, and was promoted by schemers whose prime purpose was to extort money from their dupes. As its purposes became more generally known, the association began to fail, and with the incarceration of a number of its leaders for various crimes, passed away entirely. Again, while in some localities the authorities were slow to move against the Klan, it nowhere had the open approbation of the officials, and was never part of any State government.

The real origin of the present persecution in Germany must be sought in the spirit which resulted in the *Kulturkampf* under Bismarck. Prussia had long been the home of anti-Catholic prejudice, and much bitterness had been stirred up by the Liberal party after 1848. When the German Empire was formed in 1870, joining South Germany, preponderantly Catholic, with Protestant Prussia, the liberals and the conservatives made common cause in repressing what they claimed were the undue pretensions of Catholic influence in the Empire. In point of fact, however, that influence was small, and what made

it ultimately great was the policy of exclusion later adopted by Bismarck. Men soon came to see that the battle was not between the Catholic Church and Protestantism, for there was little Christianity in the undogmatic and un-ecclesiastical Protestantism of the German politicians, but between two conflicting ideals of civilization, the Catholic and the pagan. By 1870 Bismarck who since 1862 had headed the Prussian ministry found it to his advantage to ally himself with the liberals, with the ultimate purpose of forming a new party.

In the enthusiasm which swept the country after the defeat of France, it was easy for political leaders whose sole ideal was a completely unified state, to go far beyond the bounds of patriotism in their endeavor to chain education, religion, and every human activity to the triumphal chariot. And it was inevitable that the enemy of this project should be the tireless defender of man's rightful liberty, the Catholic Church. *Kultur* being understood as a coordinated body of moral, intellectual, and political ideals, conflict was inevitable. On one side stood Bismarck, the man of the hour who had beaten France to the dust, and had made the old dream of a united Germany a triumphant reality, taking its place with the great Powers. With all the authority of the Government at his command, he was in no mood to listen to counsels of compromise. On the other side, was the Catholic Church.

The story of that long conflict, lasting more than a generation, has been often told. Bismarck closed schools and churches, imprisoned pastors and prelates, encouraged rebellion against religious authority, and stopped at nothing that promised to harry Catholics, the Pope himself included, into compliance with his purpose of making the Catholic Church a submissive servant of the state. The main result of this persecution was to unite Catholics,

and under the leadership of Windthorst they soon learned to give battle on terms that were not altogether unequal. At the outset Bismarck swore that he would never go to Canossa. But the Bishop of Rome, and, in spite of prisons, fines, and every sort of repressive measure, the Catholics in Germany remained firm, and by 1886 Bismarck was glad to go to Canossa. The Center party had not gained all that it had hoped for, but Bismarck had lost practically all that he had claimed at the opening of the *Kulturkampf*.

The new *Kulturkampf* began practically forty years after the old had ended, and like the old, it is a conflict between Christian and anti-religious philosophies. In many respects, it is more dangerous than the battle initiated by Bismarck, for under Bismarck the state at least did not proscribe Christianity and foster idolatrous cults. That madness has been left for Hitler and his officials.

Can we hope that the Catholics of Germany who today know the persecution which their ancestors bore under Bismarck will at some time be able to share their victory as well? The present moment seems dark; may it be only the deeper darkness before the dawn. At their meeting at Fulda this month, the Bishops of Germany will no doubt issue the command to the army. Upon that command, and the obedience given it, depend, under God, the future of the Church and her children in Germany.

Bankruptcy Fees

SOME weeks ago, a Federal judge, sitting in the Circuit Court in Brooklyn, made a number of rulings described by the press as "a heavy blow at attorneys who demand excessive fees in bankruptcy and reorganization cases." In one of these cases, a lawyer who had been allowed \$25,000 by the lower court was cut to \$15; two others who claimed \$20,000 and \$2,475.38 respectively, were informed that they could have nothing. A fee of \$90,000 was reduced to \$14,628.50, and a number of claims of \$10,000 were cut in half. At the end of the day, certain learned members of the bar who had looked forward to increased opulence were left gasping in dismay.

The growing number of bankruptcy cases in the last few years has called attention to the need of reform in this field. While the Federal bankruptcy act provides clearly, at least to the lay mind, the percentages to be allowed the attorneys, it would seem that these bounds are not always respected. The courts are not corrupt, but too lenient in allowing for extra costs. In many cases, the result is that the owner of a reorganized property finds that nothing is left either for his creditors or for himself. Occasionally, no other solution is possible, but the ruling of the Brooklyn judge would seem to show that this need not be inevitable.

The honest man who avails himself of the bankruptcy law does not intend to defraud his creditors. His purpose is to protect their interests at least as fully as his own. The law must not be permitted to cloak dishonesty or

sharp dealing; at the same time, if it cannot be administered without costs which leave nothing for the creditor and nothing for the petitioner, it is evident that a revision is necessary. The law has not provided relief, and it has lowered the administration of justice in the eyes of the public.

Precisely what changes are necessary is a matter to be discussed by the bar and by our law-making bodies. The lawyer, along with the physician, is worthy of his hire, but of no more. Recent judgments passed by the Federal courts seem to show that at times he claims much more. Here is a disorder which the bar itself can remedy without delay.

The Lynchers

TWO weeks ago, the Governor of Florida stated that he had ordered "an immediate and searching investigation" of a lynching that had taken place in the State. The results of this investigation have not been published. It seems hardly probable that they will ever be published. At the moment we can think of no investigation of the sort which ended in bringing the criminals before the court, or in any policy for preventing a repetition of the crime.

In a telegram to the President, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People states that "four lynchings have taken place since the Costigan-Wagner bill was sidetracked in the Senate on May 1." The Association believes that these lynchings bear out its prediction that every removal of the threat of Federal legislation encourages mob violence. The lynching at Fort Lauderdale was the ninth since January 1. Unless the local authorities show more zeal in ferreting out the perpetrators of these outrages against the individual and the State, it will not be nearly the last.

No Administration at Washington has yet favored a bill to give the Federal Government jurisdiction in those cases of lynching in which it can be shown that rights guaranteed the individual by the Constitution have been set aside by negligent or conniving State authorities. Much was hoped from the present Administration, but that hope has been in vain. Opposition of a type that commands votes, if not respect, at once made itself felt in the Senate, and the Wagner-Costigan bill never had a chance. Nothing can be done now, and nothing can be looked for from the present Congress. It is probable that the bill will be re-introduced at the next session, more with the purpose of keeping it before the public than with any founded hope of its adoption.

We have no reasonable doubt of the constitutionality of this bill, and in our judgment its adoption would serve a good purpose. At the same time, we are far from believing that it would put an end to lynching. Lynching will go on as long as the malign elements which occasion it are permitted to remain in the community, and, ultimately the remedy must be sought in the promotion of religion and of education. The bill will, however, have at least an indirect effect upon communities in which up to the

present lynchings have repeatedly taken place without the imposition of the slightest punishment upon the criminals. Since the imposition of heavy fines, and better still a few hangings, would have a deterrent effect in communities in which civilization is at a low ebb, we regret that the present Congress has not seen fit to enact the Wagner-Costigan bill.

Idlers Encouraged

MISMANAGEMENT of public funds has long been a characteristic of the American scene. We tolerate it, as we learn to tolerate hot weather and blizzards. The machinery of government is so huge and complex, we tell ourselves, that a certain amount of waste is inevitable. We view the costly results with equanimity, whether they are due to misfeasance, non-feasance, or malfeasance. We have learned to put up with this kind of government, just as the puppy soon learns to resign himself to the presence of fleas.

This general indifference as to the misuse of public funds accounts in large part for the freedom from scrutiny which a majority of the Federal and local relief bureaus have enjoyed. Another reason is, of course, our humane desire to prevent these bureaus from turning into glorified apotheoses of formalism and red tape. The lot of the destitute is already hard enough without subjecting them to further indignities at the hands of Paul Pry's and Snooping Sallies. But our long-standing indifference and laudable, but mistaken, humanity, are creating a serious social evil. We seem to be encouraging a mendicant class that could obtain work, but which refuses to work as long as the public is willing to support it.

Indications of the formation of this class were at first discounted. Of late they have become so numerous that they must be taken seriously. Relief given to idlers means that relief must be taken from the worthy poor, since, after all, the financial resources of these bureaus are not limitless, although some administrators appear to labor under that delusion. That is bad enough, but far worse is it to use public funds to create and promote a class of idlers.

Two weeks ago the Governor of North Dakota took cognizance of these evil conditions and at once applied a remedy. Crops were going to ruin in the fields, because the farmers could not obtain the help they needed to care for them. Their appeals to the bureaus for workers went unheard because the heads of families on relief insisted that as long as they could get money from the State or the Federal Government, there was no reason why they should soil their hands with toil. The Governor met this situation by issuing an order, affecting the heads of about 19,000 families, that every able-bodied man who refused to work should at once be cut off the relief list. The same action has been taken in South Dakota, and in parts of Illinois. In Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Ohio, and Wisconsin, farmers are experiencing great difficulty in obtaining helpers. The unemployed prefer to remain on relief, and in several of these States the Federal administrators have issued warnings that men who refuse to

take work offered them will hereafter be deprived of assistance. On July 22, Lawrence Westbrook, assistant administrator of relief at Washington, stated in an Associated Press report that the State administrators had been ordered to revise their lists, and to cut off any man who refused to work.

This policy, if enforced impartially and consistently, will destroy an evil that threatens to become exceedingly serious. Whether it can be enforced properly remains to be seen. The relief agencies are hampered on the one hand by their lack of a sufficient number of competent examiners, and on the other, by the inroads of politicians; and these conditions are found in both the State and Federal bureaus. What can be done for our huge army of the unemployed is a most grave problem. Scarcely less grave is the problem of affording relief without creating a class of idlers.

Up to the present time, no serious consideration has been given the suggestion that the State and Federal Governments work as far as possible through long-established private religious agencies of relief which have demonstrated their ability to deal with problems of destitution. One reason for this refusal is that such cooperation would considerably lessen the number of jobs at the disposition of political leaders. Anything that comes to a politician's mill is grist. While the policy inaugurated by the Governor of North Dakota is good, it touches one phase only of the problem. But in spite of its incompleteness we hope that it will be generally adopted by all agencies of relief, State and Federal.

Self-Expression for Children

UNTIL we read in the *Times* a synopsis of an address given by Judge Camille Kelley, we had never heard of this lady who sits in the juvenile court at Memphis. The synopsis was not satisfactory, but even in its imperfect state it sufficed to show that Judge Kelley has decided ideas on the training of the child. She holds that a knowledge of psychology, and even of psychiatry, is necessary for parents, teachers, and others who deal with children, "but get only a bite of each, and you will have mental indigestion." Among the victims of a particularly fatal form of this indigestion, she numbers those fond parents who believe that they are applying the most valid findings of psychological research "when they cease to control their children to permit them free self-expression." And she adds, "Unless we live in an atmosphere of control we shall have chaos. Parents must not domineer, but reverence and obedience we must have."

These are truisms to old-fashioned parents and teachers, but to those of the new school they are anathema. Today psychology and psychiatry cloak more sins than education; or, rather, in education, more than in any other field, are they wrested to base uses. A glance at the courses in educational psychology offered by some training schools for teachers suggests that they have been drawn up by pedagogues suffering from chronic mental indigestion. Were the methods which they suggest universally adopted for our elementary schools, these insti-

tutions would be nothing but hotbeds of anarchy. Unfortunately, too much of this philosophy has already found its way into the public schools, and even in the grades there is a marked tendency to lead the pupil to "the freest self-expression." This means, in actual fact, that if the child declines to apply itself to a course of study, the administrators will shop around until they can find something with which the child will deign to occupy itself.

Unfortunately, this weak catering to the whims of childhood, a real cruelty to all on whom it is exercised, is found in many homes as well as in the school. The child who does not learn obedience, reverence, and self-control in the school and at home is not likely to learn them later, when his only school and home is some penal institution. The alternative to control in both home and school is chaos, intellectual and moral. Under such evil conditions we cannot look forward with confidence for useful, law-abiding, God-fearing men and women to meet the problems of the next generation, and solve them.

Note and Comment

Composite Record

EVERY year Columbia University selects about thirty of its Freshmen, puts them one by one in front of a voice-recording machine, and persuades them to read aloud the story of Arthur the Rat. Since the students are chosen on a basis of local origin and come, moreover, from every section of the country, their divergencies of pronunciation are more than startling. One reads with the Southern drawl, another with the Yankee twang, a third with the Louisiana caress, and the others with all the diverting variety of snorts, drones, gurgles, whines, squeaks, and burrs with which Americans, living west of Germantown endow living English. It would be impossible to write down a truly composite record, chiefly because mere type cannot reproduce such things as timing or manner of speech. Nevertheless here is the story of Arthur the Rat as it might be read by a man who had lived for some months in each one of the forty-eight States: Wunce theh wuz a young rayat named Ahthuh who cud neveh mek up his miyund. Wheneveh his frendz awsked im ef he wud go aout with um, he wud awhnseh: Ah daon't knaow. E woont say yeyes 'n e woont say naoh. He alwuz shoiked mekking a cherse. One night theh wuz a big crash. In the fawgy mohnin' some min, wimn, chidern rud up and looked at the bahn. Wunothum moved a boahd and sawr a young rayat, quite dayed, hawlf in and hawlf aout of his hull. Thus the shoikah gawt his doo.

Main Street Horrors

THE American correspondent of the Moscow *Pravda*, in the issue for May 22 of this year, drew an unutterably dismal picture of the horrors of Main Street, the most characteristic features of the American "provinces,"

"from New York to San Francisco, and from the Canadian border to Florida, the same streets, the same architecture or absence of architecture, the same drug stores, the same filling stations," etc. The school, in American towns and villages, is relegated to the "side street"—obviously Americans are not interested in education. Outlook is hopeless. "Poverty. Lack of spirit of inquiry. Absence of creative endeavor. Youth is without perspective, without range of action. Life is without horizons." Well, if the only interesting thing in life is a theory of life embodied in some other country, and you are out to look for monotony, you can find plenty of it anywhere. It may be perfectly possible to travel a few thousand miles in the Soviet Union, and not be struck by any great novelty, originality, or creative genius in the villages that you pass through. From the rotogravures, there seems to be distinct yearning to imitate Main Street on the part of modern Soviet town and village planners. You can find plenty of variety, too, in most American countryside if you go out to look for it. But granted the worst that can be said as to monotony, poverty, lack of perspective or what not in America's towns or America's youth, one thing remains true: no one is satisfied with those things. No nation is more ready to criticize itself; none more eager to beautify, to reconstruct what is dismal or disordered in its homes and streets.

Youth In Action

THOSE who believe that American youth is primarily interested in beach parties and bleachers will wake to other thoughts if they look at the work of the Campion Propaganda Committee, formed under the auspices of the *Catholic Worker* in New York City, and rapidly spreading from city to city throughout the United States. Week ends in the manner of work-study retreats at the *Catholic Worker's* house on Staten Island have had to turn away the applicants. Eight lectures on topics pertaining to Catholic Action, household work or *manualia*, to use the time-honored expression, the Holy Mass and praying part of the Office of the Church, in English, form a substantial part of the program. The first series of lectures was given by the Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J., of St. Mary's College, Kansas, on the Mystical Body of Christ. To follow him were the Rev. Dr. Paul Hanly Furfey, of the Catholic University of America, Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., and others. Promotion of the work of maternity guilds, visiting mission parishes, and street speaking were some of the activities taken up. In the cause of international peace, the Campion Propaganda Committee has issued a protest to the German Consul in New York on the treatment of Jews and Catholics in Germany, and have formed an organization known as the "Friends of Catholic Germany" "to protest against the brutal technique of Germany's one-man government and to combat Fascism in the United States." The Committee members picketed the German consulate as a sign of their protest against religious persecution, and the violation of Germany's agreement with the Holy See.

Priests and Politics

IN the current debate on priests in politics it might be a good idea to settle first of all what we mean by politics and political activities. There is one kind of politics that all seem to be agreed is closed to priests, and that is partisan politics, by which one joins the forces of an existing or new political party to elect candidates to office for the purpose of a definite legislative and executive program. Then there is discussion of politics, which the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore outlawed for priests. The reason for this is the unity that should exist between priest and people over and above the dogmatic unities of faith, worship, and government, which are always gravely imperiled by the pastor's taking political stands in which his people may, or maybe should, disagree seriously with him. History is full of examples. This kind of political discussion, however, was probably meant principally as partisan political. The Church has never forbidden, it has rather encouraged, the teaching of the *principles* that lie behind questions of high political import, while always discouraging the linking of the teaching and governing Church as such with the practical legislative applications of these principles, leaving this quite properly to Catholic laymen to work out according to the principles taught. There is, therefore, another kind of political activity, and that is what is called social-political action. It has been discussed more in Europe than here, but quite freely there. This is action that formulates definite social legislative applications that require action by existing political parties to be actuated into law, and therefore definite organized action exerted on political candidates at election. European writers seem agreed that such action is forbidden to Catholic Action as such, that is, as a definite lay society of the Church, though not of course to its members whose calling it is. Obviously they would also forbid it to priests.

Foreign Propaganda On the Air

SHALL we allow foreign nations the right to use radio facilities in this country for their own propaganda? The question has become a serious one since the Mexican Government bought time on a NBC hook-up for this purpose. Recently, Congressman Raymond S. McKeough, of Chicago, introduced a bill in the House (and Senator David I. Walsh in the Senate) calling for an amendment to Section 317 of the Communications Act of 1934, according to which any radio address or radio program broadcast by any foreign government or its subdivision shall not be broadcast until such radio address or program has been submitted to the Department of State and shall have been approved by it. Although atheistic Mexico or Soviet Russia or Nazi Germany are not mentioned by name in the bill it requires no stretch of imagination to conjecture that warnings in AMERICA concerning the perils to our social institutions involved in such broadcasts have been read and taken to heart in Congress. Incidentally, it may now be told that the statement on religious liberty written in his own handwriting by President Roosevelt owed more than a little to Congressman McKeough, who was a member of the House delegation which called on

him in the interests of Mexico. In the course of the conversation, the President remarked that his whole-hearted sympathy was in support of freedom of religious worship not only in the United States but also in all other nations. Whereupon Mr. McKeough instantly suggested that the President put this statement in writing. The President was not outdone in quick thinking and reaching for his White House stationery wrote the statement that is now familiar to the American and Mexican peoples. In Mr. McKeough the State of Illinois and Chicago have given us a courageous champion of liberty.

Parade Of Events

FULL of caprice, Nature pelted mankind with floods and storms and winds. . . . Swirling floods poured angrily into New York State and shrank a man's wooden leg, the only one he had. . . . Scorching weather commandeered the headlines. . . . An alarming increase of heat prostrations among fish in Norwegian waters was reported. . . . In Kansas a dog barking at the eclipse of the moon got nervous prostration. Only complete rest will save him, it was claimed. . . . Marksmen in Cuba riddled a tornado with rifle fire. The tornado picked up a few roofs to hurl at them, then suddenly turned and fled amid a hail of bullets. . . . Off South America loyal rats refused to desert a sinking ship. . . . Out in the far West a man kicked a mule. . . . In the East a dry leader was arrested for driving while intoxicated. . . . In the West the child of a truant officer was apprehended for truancy. . . . Oppressed by the heat, a New York man wiped his face with his handkerchief. Part of his cheek came off. There was a razor blade in the handkerchief. . . . Impressed by the amiability of Sicilian donkeys, a Massachusetts lady imported three of them for her grandchildren. According to a growing opinion among certain realists, what this country needs is more Sicilian donkeys. . . . Told by his girl that the sun's rays were playing havoc with the comeliness of his nose, a New York life guard invented a nose awning. . . . "Where's the fire?" a motorcycle officer demanded of a motorist after a chase. "My grocery store is burning down," replied the motorist. He had no grocery store and it wasn't burning down, the officer discovered after letting him go. . . . President Roosevelt wore a suit made of goat hair. Whose goat the President got was not told.

AMERICA A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

WILFRID PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief
PAUL L. BLAKELY FRANCIS X. TALBOT JOHN LAFARGE
GERARD B. DONNELLY WILLIAM I. LONERGAN JOHN A. TOOMEY
Associate Editors
FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION POSTPAID
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00
Canada, \$4.50 - - - Europe, \$5.00

Addresses:
Publication Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
Telephone: MEDallion 3-3082
Editors' Office, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW
Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts

Collecting "Association Items"

ALAN DEVOE

IT is customary, I know, to view with especially awed interest those collections of old books and autographs which contain solely items of the utmost rarity. One friend of mine, for example, owns what is quite generally conceded to be one of the most superb collections in the country; you could fit the whole of it into the rumble-seat of an automobile (were you so outrageously minded), and probably there is not a single mildewed volume or moldering paper in it that is worth less than \$10,000. Another eminent bibliophile has a collection of autograph signatures that is said to be worth its weight in platinum, if not indeed radium; you could readily stow the whole parcel of priceless little ink squiggles in a Gladstone bag.

Now my own library of books and autographs is not like this. It has been assembled through years and years of haunting the old bookstalls, poring over catalogues, and burrowing in attics. It must run—this mountainous library of mine—to two or three tons, and I have lately been expertly advised that the whole vast musty mass of it is not worth fifty dollars. And yet, do you know, I prefer this tattered conglomeration of mine to all the collections of priceless specimens that I have seen.

I do not know what your feelings may be when you are shown, say, a Perfect Specimen of the priceless signature of that Declarer of Independence who was called Button Gwinnett. The feeling aroused in me by such exhibitions, I know, is something rather less than tremulous excitement. I do not think I am being rudely ungrateful to those various hosts of mine who have spent so many hours displaying to me their Original Autograph Signatures of George Washington and their Indisputably Authentic Signatures of Robert E. Lee, if I confess that I have never been able to work up on these occasions a mood keyed any higher than polite submission. This (and here we come to the very crux and nub of the thing) is because an autograph signature of George Washington is to me significant of no more electrifying fact than that the General was able to write his name, a fact, I should think, that all properly patriotic Americans must always have taken more or less for granted.

No; what I want to find in a library or a collection, and what I think is the only solid *raison-d'être* for such, is the kind of historical sidelight or intimate detail which cannot be found in the history books. What I want in a book is not the Very Rare First Edition, but a copy that has a *flavor*—a copy, for example, that belonged to some contemporary draper's assistant or office clerk, and has his name written in faded brown ink on the fly leaf and perhaps some of his marginalia. What I want are "association items"; not association items in the narrow sense in which that phrase is used by the booksellers, but books that do in truth have a special individuality, a unique quality to be found in no other copy of the same work, a hint of the human interest of days gone by, a

remembrance of the intangible aura of their period. And so, as I write these lines, I sit amid a gargantuan confusion of tattered old volumes (worthless) and yellowing documents (ditto)—a victim, so I am told by my proper bibliophile friends, of my own incurable sentimentality.

From this highest shelf beside the stovepipe I fetch down that elaborately gilt-filigreed octavo volume which once was a triumph of the Victorian binder's art but which now, happily, has been a good deal subdued by the hard handling of long years. On the title-page—opposite the steel engraving of that pudgy clergyman named Matthew Henry who was its author—we may read the name of this much-prized volume from my library. "The Communicant's Companion," it is called, "Or Instructions for the Right Receiving of the Lord's Supper," and it was published in Philadelphia in 1843. Only last week an impious acquaintance, who chanced to take down this volume from my shelves, laughed quite uproariously over its presence in my library and seemed to think it a huge joke that I should cherish so thoroughly unreadable a work. Perhaps I should tell you that I paid three cents for "The Communicant's Companion" at one of those sidewalk bookstalls on New York's Fourth Avenue, haven of so many broken-down and unwanted volumes, and that I purchased it for my library because on its brittle fly-leaf are three lines scribbled in an old, old ink—three lines that speak, to me at any rate, with a stirring voice. They are:

Mary H. Macy,
on Christ's Mission.
Canton, China. July 30, 1849.

I have not the space—nor, I think, should you be expected to have the patience—for a vicarious tour all around the walls of my queerly gathered library. But there is perhaps time for a hasty peek into this dingy old portfolio that houses my memorabilia of that ghastly conflict that was the American Civil War. The Civil War was not so long ago; my own great-uncle died in a cell in Libby Prison, and my grandfather was an up-and-coming gentleman of twenty-two when Colonel Ellsworth of the Zouaves was shot in Alexandria. And yet, in not one of the great Civil War collections that I have seen, and they have been many, has there been conveyed to me with real vividness the caliber, the temper, of those thrilling and terrifying times. Such conveyance of mood is not to be found, for me at any rate, in those spectacularly expensive original autograph memoranda of Abraham Lincoln which I have seen, for Lincoln is so famous a man that he means to me rather a symbol than a person. He belongs to the Civil War of the textbooks and the historical romances, and beholding his original State documents is rather like beholding a granite monument or a bronze bust. There are many letters in this Civil War

portfolio of mine, and they are signed with names that have no historic import whatever, names like Jones and Kelly and Williams. Here, on the top, is a packet of ten tied together; well do I remember the day when I purchased them, for fifty cents, from a second-hand furniture dealer who had found them in the top drawer of an old dresser. Suppose, now, we glance at this first one. . . .

Goshen Hill, Sept. 14, 1861.

Lieut. William H. Kelley,
Dear Friend:

I received your kind and affectionate letter a few days since, which gave me a great deal of satisfaction to hear from you, and more so to hear that you were enjoying good health, as I understand that there is a great deal of sickness in your camp, and from what I understand their will be more of our men die from disease than will be killed by the dam Yankeys. Well Billie I have not got any news of any interest to write you. Our cotton crop is very sorry, but as far as cotton is concerned it matters not wheather we make any or not; we can't sell it as long as old Abe keeps up his Blockade. Everything is very high and we can't get anything without the money and can't get the money. The best men we have can't get credit at Columbia for two dollars worth of coffee which is worth 32 cents. I have never seen such times and never expected to see such. Their is nothing talked about nor thought of but the war and the impression with our leading men is that the war will continue during Lin-

coln's term of office, but I can't think so for I know we have men enough and the right sort of men to whip all the dam Yankeys old Abe can parade and all you want is a chance at them. Billie, give my love to all of your company, & tell them I sympathise with them in their hardships as I have a little experience of camp life under old General Scott. Tell Billie Beauford howdy for me, and tell him his Debby is well, and tell him to step over some morning and have a drink of old North Carolina with me. My famerly all sends their best love to you. Mary says you must kill one Yankey.

I remain your true friend,

A. R. Aughtry.

Lieutenant Billie, I daresay, and A. R. Aughtry, too, have both been dust for many a long year, but in this stained and grimy letter, in those terse and private words about the cotton crop, and in that grisly closing sentence, there resides, I think, the flavor of an American epoch. There is no space to quote from all the other letters here; to quote, for instance, from that letter written by Lieutenant Kelley himself, alone in his tent and just relieved from picket duty. I wish there were.

A tatterdemalion crew, these frowsy books and musty old papers of mine, a higgledy-piggledy, orderless, valueless crew. They are, I think, the most cherished things I own.

A President Reviews His Life

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

THERE is no question of tactlessness in discussing the faith of Thomas G. Masaryk, first and for over the past twenty years still President of the Republic of Czechoslovakia; for the simple reason that Dr. Masaryk is himself ready to speak of his religious views. In the conversations that his countryman, Karel Capek, has strung together in the form of a connected autobiography ("President Masaryk Tells His Story"), the venerable President mentions his experiences each time with a sense of loss, as of something precious that has gone not to return.

As affecting the president of a country historically Catholic, which has given to the world some of its greatest saints, which has been the theater of terrific religious conflicts in the past and in our own time, including one of the largest and most organized movements of apostasy (the Czech National Church) that Christendom has yet seen, Masaryk's religious position cannot be a matter of indifference. In Capek's book he speaks with entire frankness concerning his own personal habits, likes, and dislikes—though he scarcely refers to the major political controversies of his own regime.

Whatever he may have written on earlier occasions, he sounds here no note of exultation over his loss of faith in the Catholic Church. He speaks of the Church with veneration. He is emphatic in declaring that loss of Catholic allegiance in no way implies, in his case, a loss of faith in God or religion. "I have never had doubts about God and theology," says Masaryk (p. 27). "I

have always been an optimist." Religion must play a part in education:

The undenominational school, in countries where the secular school exists, leaves out religion altogether; but I cannot picture a human being in our world growing up without knowledge of Christ and His teaching; and of course the Old Testament is part of the fundamental cultural background of every European . . . I myself am always repeating and emphasizing the fact that religion is the essential element of spiritual life and culture, and for that reason not only religious instruction, and instruction about religion in general, but also religious practice is for me a great and unsolved question of school policy.

A few other statements, taken at random:

I do not believe . . . in the differentiation of species by mechanical evolution. . . . I maintain the hypothesis of a Creator. . . . Some of the Church writers should be included among the authors read at school. . . . I did not then and still do not love liberalism insofar as it implies religious indifference. . . . The care of the soul, the practical care for morals, is still in the hands of the Church. If the priests attended to this—they would be the nearest to Jesus. . . . We need freedom of conscience and research, intellectual integrity in matters of religion, we need tolerance too, but not spiritual indifference; no, what we need is faith, living faith in something higher than ourselves, something great, sublime, eternal.

Somewhat cloudy, you may say. Perhaps; but they are not the pronouncements of a scoffer, a materialist, an indifferentist. They are rather the utterances of one who has lost his way, but not wholly forgotten where he started from.

Dr. Masaryk ascribes his loss of faith to a rational process:

My quarrel with the Church was also a matter of morals, not of dogma. . . . But I had to reject dogmas because they could not stand before the criticism of my reason; that applies to the dogmas of all denominations. What I cannot accept by reason, I cannot accept even by faith. Perhaps some day I shall publish my final opinion on these problems.

But there is no indication of how that "criticism of reason" operated; and with four-score years already past, Dr. Masaryk has not yet succeeded in formulating them. May we suggest, with all respect to the inner sanctum of a man's mind, that there is another explanation of this phenomenon?

Loss of faith may often be ascribed to inner moral conflict, brought about by faithlessness to early teachings; to wounded vanity and compensation for slights. Yet this diagnosis seems to fail with Masaryk. His childhood in the Slovak countryside was normal and happy. He loved his Catholic parents, as well as his two brothers. His was a real boyhood, filled to the brim with boyish adventures: "making popguns from quills or elder twigs; carving whistles from willow twigs or goose bones, and clarinets from cherry wood; making pipes from the stems of wheat or gourds"; watching the potato fields at night, and eagerly learning by day. Love for young Masaryk was romantic; while it brought some heartaches, it left no painful scars.

The unique feature about Masaryk's spiritual career rests in this: that the very loves—in the field of ideas and ideals—that led him away from the Church in early years, now, in the evening of his life, are the bonds that tie him to the religion of his childhood. Nothing can better illustrate the revolution in ideas that has taken place within his lifetime.

Young Masaryk's ideological heroines were many and passionate. Chief and queen of all was Dame Democracy, which was associated in his mind not with the party of Thomas Jefferson, but with all that summed up human freedom, human rights, culture, advancement. In modern Europe Masaryk is indeed the patron saint of the democratic idea. The flame burns the brighter before his shrine since it has been so completely extinguished upon his Republic's Western borders. Coupled with that was moral optimism: the belief that all will come out well for little men and little nations in the best of worlds if you are only "plucky" enough to fight it through; that the right will win out, if you give it a chance, that man is perfectible and that pessimism is a delusion. Enthusiasm for Western civilization and culture, an enthusiasm that extended across the Western ocean; literary and philosophical humanism; zeal for education, particularly of the humanistic variety; traditions of national and local culture, these were also his devotions. Yet in a tragic manner these early loves contributed to his alienation from the Catholic Church.

The calamity of religion in the former Austro-Hungarian Empire was its opportunistic subordination to the State. As Gilson remarks, "When a state becomes secularized, it is faced with the alternative of either persecuting religion, or of subordinating religion to its own ends." What happened in eighteenth-century France

happened in nineteenth-century Austria-Hungary; and the effect was the deadening of Catholic life, particularly in the remoter corners of the Empire, where sullen national antipathies were nourished by the identification of religion with the existing government. This combination of circumstances placed the young idealist in an unfortunate relationship with the Church. Masaryk attaches little importance as a factor to certain lapses among the rural clergy, which as a boy he only dimly understood, and which were partly made up for by genuine zeal of some of these humble souls. Rather what did influence him was the sheer lack of spiritual nourishment.

Neither at school nor at home was there any serious mention of the spiritual essence of religion; I never heard that one can or should meditate on religion. The religion of the people, like the symbols and the whole cult, was very material, altogether objective. . . . Religion was simply lived and practised, the Church's teaching was simply accepted.

Allowing for a certain bias in the speaker, we may still discover the kernel of the young man's difficulty in the preceding as well as in the following remark:

Catholicism with its mistakes—especially in Austria where it was the official faith, protected by the police and guarded by all the offices of the State—only fostered this liberal laxity (religious indifference).

The cultural riches of Czechoslovakia's Catholic past, says Masaryk, had been forgotten in modern times. Catholicism as he knew it had shrunk to the performance of a sort of official function, and had not regained, in his own country, the role of civilizer and humanizer, the mistress of the arts and philosophy. For educational ideals, for philosophy, for the humanities, the young school teacher looked to the West, as far west as he could get, to Protestant England and (for him) Protestant America. He always, in his own words, "wanted to learn. There is nothing that does not interest me: all sciences, all problems and tasks of the day."

Today, after the lapse of years, the scene is strangely altered. The issue of intense nationalism, which estranged millions from the Church in Slavic Austria-Hungary, is now burned out and Masaryk recalls that he never could go to the extreme lengths of zeal as did some of his nationalistic confreres. The Slav as an abstraction never appealed to him. Visiting Tolstoy before the World War, he concluded that the sage of Yasnaya Poliana was pretty much of a humbug. Today it is the pagan Nazi Government, in place of Christian Viennese paternalism, that hammers on the doors of Prague.

Among the opponents of Dame Democracy today are bitter enemies of religion. To the East and to the West of Czechoslovakia the totalitarian state heaps upon democracy, Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Protestant Christianity, and Jewish religious belief one huge lump of persecution and scorn. The emotional cleavages of Masaryk's political past are swallowed up in the new alignment. Humanistic education is attacked by the modern Communist and Socialist propaganda as the stronghold of religious reaction. In his eloquent defense of classical education, of careful garnering of all that Greece and Rome, the Middle Ages and Renaissance have to offer

the student, Masaryk is lined up with the Catholic educational front.

"I cannot consider religion in the abstract," says Masaryk. "I can see even today a Sunday morning at Cejkovice: the whole village comes together, acquaintances meet each other. . . . Think what a Sunday like that gives to a man, and how it makes him at one with his fellows! The Catholic Mass is, as it were, a popular festival." Half a century of political turmoil has not extinguished Masaryk's longing for the simplicity and unity of the village life of his youth. Today, he says, "in the place of Divine service they have a fat Sunday paper; when I glance at it I often ask myself: Is that all we have to replace the Divine service which I knew in my childhood?"

I believe that as Masaryk's spiritual hunger alienated him from the Church of his youth, it is bringing him closer to the Church of his old age. That national unity, which he confesses as a lifelong dream, appeared in Prague the week of July 9 of this year in a form that has never been seen there before within the memory of living man, when 350,000 visitors came to the city for the first general congress of the Catholics of Czechoslovakia. Czechs, Slovaks, Ruthenians, Germans, young and old, forgot their differences, and were united in the religious ceremonies of the occasion. At the Pontifical Mass

(celebrated facing the people), the Gospel was sung in three languages, Latin, Old Slavonian, and Czech, and was then read in Slovak, German, Hungarian, and Polish. The Papal Legate, Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, visited President Masaryk near his summer residence of Lany, where the aged and infirm President hurried to the door to meet him and chatted with him eagerly for three quarters of an hour.

The principles that Czech nationalism once invoked against the Church, are now invoked by the Church against anti-Christian nationalism. "Democracy—liberty—mutual respect—collaboration—national tolerance"—these were the methods proposed for the solution of modern political problems by Eduard Benes, the Republic's Foreign Minister, in his greeting to the journalists on the occasion of the Prague Catholic festivities. But, as the *Osservatore Romano* points out, this is the language today of Catholic political philosophy, of voluntarism and humanism, repudiated by the monistic, mechanistic philosophy of Christianity's enemies.

"He hath filled the hungry with good things." The Providence that has brought the country of Cyril and Methodius, of Ludmila and Wenceslaus, so far along the path of peace from the bitter post-War days of the John Hus demonstrations, cannot fail, before the night comes, to still the spiritual hunger of Thomas G. Masaryk.

Castelli Romani

AUGUSTA L. FRANCIS

AUGUST 5 of last year. Rome. Feast of Our Lady of the Snows. Blazing blue sky. Pellegrina emerged from the cool shadows of the porch of St. Mary Major's. I was emerging from the not-so-cool shadows of an "E. P." bus. It was the terminus, so I had to. Pellegrina looked charming in her severe linen frock; I don't know what I looked like, and I don't want to.

"Well, well—you here? How nice! *Buona festa!*"

"*Buona festa!*" I replied in the vernacular. "I suppose you have been in there at High Mass with a shower of white rose leaves falling on your slim shoulders, in remembrance of the fall of snow, haven't you?"

"Yes, heavenly. Why weren't you there?"

"Otherwise occupied. I went to pay my respects to Our Lady at St. Andrew delle Fratte, where she appeared to Ratisbonne, you know" (yes, she knew; I knew she'd know).

"It's wonderful to meet you today," she said. "I'm free, and you must just make yourself free if you're not, so come on."

"Come on? Where to?"

"First, we must make the complete tour of St. Mary Major's outside."

"What!"

"Yes, really. Never mind if there isn't much shade. I want to go all around to get an experimental knowledge of the size of the miracle that Our Lady worked when

she had all this covered with snow, so that the Pope could draw the plan of the building in it. *Avanti!*"

I am like wax in her hands. I always am, and I followed (very like wax indeed), melting rapidly in the sun, down toward the Piazza dell'Esquilino, round the base of the great flight of steps and up the other side. It was enough. I sought refuge in the shady doorway of the Pontifical Oriental Institute, and as I did so, a line from "Barrack Room Ballads" surged up out of forgotten depths: "And the heat would make yer bloomin' eyebrows crawl." I pulled out my handkerchief and mopped frankly. Pellegrina had not turned a hair. It is her enthusiasm always at fever heat inside that makes it impossible for her to feel external heat. I told her this with simple eloquence.

"But we couldn't have realized what that miracle meant half so well any other way, could we now?"

"No," murmured the victim faintly, "what next?"

"Oh, but I must tell you while you are getting nice and cool in the shade, such a piece of news! You know, of course, that the Holy Father has gone out to Castelgandolfo. (Yes, I knew that—everybody in the whole world did by this time. It wasn't exactly a secret.) He went late on Wednesday evening, settled in on Thursday, and began all his usual work of receiving officials and pilgrims in audience. I got a special letter from Fra Chierico who fixes up those things and who is such an

angel of goodness and patience, and . . . *I had an audience out there.*"

"You would." But my laconic reply was, to be perfectly candid, tinged with admiration. There is no one like Pellegrina, honestly there isn't.

"It was glorious. You must—"

"Not today," I interrupted hastily. "Today I must creep away somewhere in the shade and subside. Besides I haven't any black things to wear. But tell me about it. Where shall we go?"

"Oh, let's—let's go out to the hills where it is cool and breezy, and you can actually look down on the Papal Palace from a distance of twenty miles. You'll forget that you were ever hot or fussed."

"Let's," said I. It sounded promising.

Without further ado, as they used to say in the books when all the world was young, I mean when I was young, Pellegrina led me to Via Giovanna di Bulgaria and seated me in a smart blue Castelli tram.

"Bound for the Alban Hills," she explained. "We are due at Frascati in an hour. It's a fine jumping-off place."

A good, well-built tram it was, and seated comfortably in it we slid out of Rome between St. John Lateran and the statue of St. Francis, standing forever with arms up-raised in worship. There was a stiff breeze through the open windows, and cynicism seemed out of place. My companion was quiet.

"Pellegrina," I said humbly, "tell me about that audience."

"Well"—and there was a faint gleam of triumph in her eye—"as for the Palace, it has been restored with great simplicity and dignity. It is all in keeping with the general character of the rooms in the Vatican, only smaller, simpler, and more modern. The Holy Father received us in the throne room, and I did think that he looked all the better for having had a little country air; you would not dream that he had already been at work for several hours that morning. The Swiss Guard and the Noble Guard and the *bussolanti* and all the other functionaries are there in those gorgeous uniforms and liveries. I do like them!"

"Did the Swiss unbend at all in the new surroundings?" I queried.

"Do you know, for one little instant I did think that I saw a twinkle in the eye of the enormous Swiss at the main entrance, as the joy bus drove up."

"The—? Sounds undignified if I may say so."

"Not a bit. *Vox populi*. It is the name given by the Romans to the huge motor coaches provided by the Vatican for the honeymoon couples. They come in shoals to get the Holy Father's blessing. He loves them, and, thinking that it might be inconvenient for them to wait about for this tram of ours, he ordered big motor coaches to start from the Cortile San Damaso for their benefit, daily. You should see the populace collect when those coaches unload!"

We were mounting steadily and it was cooler already. We saw aqueducts looking absurdly like picture post

cards; we shot past the great pylons of the Roman radio station and the settlement of Ciampino, the military aerodrome; its huge hangar watches over the surrounding houses like a hen over her chickens. Several military planes were stunting contentedly overhead, swooping and diving above the tram like happy bats. Then the track rose again, this time in the midst of vines and olives.

"The famous Frascati wine," said Pellegrina, pointing to the vines.

A curve or two, more rising ground, and we swung into the most delightful square one could imagine. Gay flower beds in the center, the magnificent seventeenth-century Villa Aldobrandini looming above, and dozens of those ubiquitous little blue-and-yellow tables dotted about.

"Castelli Romani," said Pellegrina waving her hand, as she led the way to a table under a striped umbrella. We are both hungry. She dictated the menu: "White Frascati, ham and figs with bread and butter (the ham and figs together please), cheese, a cup of coffee, and you will feel that you can appreciate Italy."

So we fell to. During that meal I learned a lot about the Castelli Romani. I had always imagined them to be the castles of Rome in a frowning line, loopholed and all that, crowning the heights above the city. They are, in reality, townlets built on the slopes of the Albans and the Sabines. Long ago they boasted baronial strongholds; now but few vestiges of them remain. Instead, each has one or more of those sumptuous Renaissance villas with immense parks all laid out with groves and fountains. Recently little hotels and country houses (no, not bungalows) have sprung up, and the Roman people, as well as the aristocracy, flock to the Castelli in the hot weather.

A *carrozza* awaited us. The driver had been watching us with a lynx eye while we ate. His conveyance resembled a small Victoria over which spread a vast white umbrella with tassels. The horse had a pheasant's feather on his head, and bells. It was an inspiration in itself. We wound up and up among pines and olives and reached the top of the world, close to the site of Tusculum. "Tusculum," like "Mesopotamia," gives one plenty to think about. Greatest of all the Thirty Cities, she was when "Lars Porsena of Clusium by the nine gods he swore. . . ."

Leaving horse and driver to doze in the shade, Pellegrina led me to a spot under the pines where truly the Castelli lay at our feet. I gasped and said nothing. Fifteen-hundred feet up we were, surrounded by gigantic umbrella pines, with the ground dropping sharply in front of us. In the distance the hills sank gently to the Tyrrhenian sea, peacock blue in the distance. It was indescribable. And it was cool.

"Information, please," I murmured, as we settled down on an aromatic cushion of pine needles.

I must say, Pellegrina was at her best. Straight across from where we sat, Castelgandolfo rose towering above Lake Albano, the dome of the Papal observatory shining like burnished silver. The Pope's own terrace was a

mere blot of shadow below the dome. To the right lay Marino. Grottaferrata nestled in the valley on the left, the campanile of its Greek Abbey just visible; beyond lay Albano, Ariccia, Genzano, and Nemi. Above us on the left, Rocca di Papa clung to the shoulder of Monte Cavo.

"It oozes history," said Pellegrina dreamily. "Down there, every inch has been fought over by Etruscans and Samnites and Romans, then by barbarians, then by Popes and Emperors, then by the great barons." She paused. . . . "And there are nine miraculous shrines of Our Lady within walking distance from where we are. . . ."

I wish I could go on with all the other things she told me, but editors are particular about their space—at least so I hear—and I couldn't bear to fall afoul of one. So I must stop. But Pellegrina went on. I wouldn't let *her* stop. We saw the sun set over the sea, and one tiny light appear on the first floor of the Pope's Palace; perhaps he was having supper? One could imagine him, all alone except for functionaries. Pellegrina says it is not etiquette for him to invite anyone to share his meals. It's a lonely life in the midst of multitudes. How could it be otherwise? He has the weight of the world on his shoulders.

"Parnassus on Wheels"

GENEVIEVE COWLES

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY bestows the title of his charming tale of a bookwagon upon our Connecticut Library Society for Jails, "Parnassus on Wheels." The writer is a happy librarian. Our Muses are mostly judges or eminent clerics. And here are some of the experiences of the librarian.

Imagine her descending from a car at the entrance of a jail. Her big box is conveyed past obliging jailers into a gloomy corridor of cell blocks. My box contains choice volumes from the shelves of contributing friends; a collection of fine novels, standard verse, drama, ancient classics, religious works, witty stories, tales of adventure, inspiring biography, books of instruction, and varied assortments of leading magazines.

The librarian tells off one by one the names of her treasures. Prisoners choose according to their personal tastes. Books not wanted in one jail pass on to another, or possibly are exchanged for something more suitable at a second-hand book dealer.

Our book collections at first depended on gifts of friends; replies from newspaper appeals; responses from Protestant congregations solicited by their pastors. Prof. William Lyon Phelps' donations of newly published volumes in gay jackets proved most attractive. When the Yale University Library offered us 150 volumes, Parnassus thrilled!

One subject, religion, was carefully avoided, for fear of trespassing on the rights of visiting clergy. However, one day an old Irish prisoner begged for "something on the Faith," and was rewarded later by Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers," which took immediate effect: the recipient sent a prompt call for a "praising book." After that, on nearly every jail visit, I made a point of asking: "Any Catholic here who wants 'Faith of Our Fathers' by the great Cardinal Gibbons?" Almost invariably a hand reached forth to claim it. The kind priest who produced the supplies would say, "Keep up the good work." The gift of one Catholic booklet, "Confidence in God," inspired a woman prisoner to ask that her two children, also under arrest, be baptized in the jail.

After the priests of St. Anthony's, Hartford, and St.

Brendan's, St. Mary's, and San Donato's, New Haven, had made lavish donations of Catholic literature, we had recourse to Yale for books.

But one must not assume that all prisoners take kindly to books. On my first visit in one jail, I was armed only with "Waverley Novels." The jailer arranged the prisoners on wooden benches to hear a discourse on Sir Walter Scott. The charms of Sir Walter failed dismally. In desperation, I explained that I am an artist and the artist mind and the criminal mind function alike, but the aims and results differ. Then I drew a graphic analogy between the criminal planning a plot and an artist painting a picture. When the audience began to warm up, an elucidation followed of Adler's theory of the "Goal of Life," with urges to seek a higher goal. "While you stay here, you don't need to worry over rent, board, or work. Why not study and prepare for better positions when you leave? I will try to get you any book you want." A Hebrew prisoner begged for a book on medicine. Requests followed for books on poultry, the human body, raising vegetables, mind control, and criminal law. This prisoner Solomon became our first jail librarian, checking book supplies, and forwarding a rapid succession of requests for instruction in shorthand, modern psychology, radio, and television, all of which were met in due time.

On a subsequent visit to the same jail, more wants found swift utterance, ending with a debate upon psychology, but not Jung's. Even the jailer requested a story—but not a psychology. He had been absolutely sure that his prisoners would not read my books. Then later on I forwarded some spellers, readers, and arithmetics to Solomon, the librarian, who replied, "They come in very handy here to men that are French Canadians, and want to learn while here. Lots of times I see them studying; then often they come to me with their problems and I do the best I can with them."

Unfortunately, just as Solomon was released I was too occupied elsewhere to visit that jail and appoint another librarian. Nobody else in the vicinity seemed to have time for systematic library work in jails so the entire work collapsed at that point, but we proved there

and in other jails that prisoners would read what interested them, about religion if they wanted religion, or about jobs, if they had a mind to. I personally filled the requests of prisoners for books on aviation, radio, automobile mechanics, Diesel engines, motor boats, history of all the Presidents, poems to put in letters to the wife, Latin, German, French grammars or dictionaries, courses in French and Spanish, books on science, art, psychology, history, religion, philosophy, landscape gardening, the raising of cattle, sheep, poultry, and skunks.

This was all before the advent of Parnassus. It was a sympathetic lawyer who suggested the idea of a book-wagon service, to be called "Parnassus on Wheels," to serve the entire State; to visit regularly each of our book-furnished county jails, in Tolland, Brooklyn, Danbury, Litchfield, Haddam, New London, Norwich, and Bridgeport. New Haven is taken care of by a Yale student, who distributes books from the public library to New Haven jail prisoners, under the direction of Prof. Jerome Davis, a member of "Parnassus on Wheels." Hartford Public Library, through work directed by the Rev. Raymond Cunningham of Trinity Church, distributes books to Hartford jail inmates. Mr. Cunningham is also a member of "Parnassus," and Parnassus has, at least for the present, conquered book famines in the eight other county jails mentioned.

Beginning with one member in September, 1932, Parnassus now counts over 200 members, specializing in judges and Yale professors. When Mr. Keogh, librarian of Yale University Sterling Library, enlisted, our prestige ascended at one bound; Yale Divinity under Dr. McIntosh followed suit, we took another breath; Professor Hicks, Yale Law Librarian, Professor Dession of Criminal Law, Professors Conover and Borchard of Constitutional and International Law, Prof. Jerome Davis, and others enlisted. But since sheriffs and jailers have slight regard for professional distinction, we deemed it advisable to create a Parnassus Board of Counsellors, to be composed chiefly of judges, and that Board now includes eleven judges, besides lawyers, Catholic, Protestant, and Hebrew clergy, and social-minded women. Now when Parnassus visits a jail on her circuit, she plans also to visit the neighboring judge, and to confer with him concerning the inmates of his particular jail, and the dreadful habits they sometimes get into.

Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut is the Honorary President of Parnassus, and Chief Justice Maltbie is Honorary President of the Board of Counsellors. Judge Arthur Chambers is President, and Fleming James, Jr., Professor Goodenough of Yale, and Father Lawrason Riggs are the Vice Presidents.

In the columns of the Bridgeport *Sunday Post*, June 25, 1933, Jailer William Flannigan expressed his feelings on the subject of Parnassus on Wheels. "Before its advent," he said, "nothing was being done along educational lines to broaden men committed to institutions." (Bridgeport Jail Library now numbers about 550 volumes including contributions from the Rev. Mr. Simpson and Father Sullivan, the jail chaplains, and other citizens in

Bridgeport, Stamford, and Stratford.) Jailer Flannigan maintains that Parnassus on Wheels is valuable not only as a facility toward furnishing wholesome recreation for men who are detained but as a practically exclusive means of giving them an incentive for living improved lives. "A great many of them have never encountered interest or guidance. . . . Others among them have never had time to devote to reading. Hence the work being done introduces them to a world which some of them never even knew existed."

He believes, moreover, if criminals could be reached in time through reading and guidance of the sort many are experiencing now for the first time in their lives, that the State could be saved much expense and the men themselves much misery.

How few of us realize that our American punishments are in terms of time—sentences to so many days, months, years, in the cell blocks; but time is invisible, you don't see what time does to one till you witness what is happening over and over from the passage of weeks, months, years under the pressure of peculiar environments. The hope or the hell of eternity may depend on these months or years of a man or a woman, a boy or a girl in jail. Catholic chaplains, when we have any, too often are burdened with heavy parish duties in big towns or scattered country districts. Regular Protestant chaplains, when there are any, are mostly kindly, elderly gentlemen, mild and good, but such miles apart from our lawless, inventive modern generation. Besides, we are all living in a different world in this year of the American Revolution. Only God knows what lies ahead. God Who is Divine Justice toward every one of us also.

Perhaps some readers of AMERICA would like to help in this mountain of Parnassus on Wheels literally moving by faith. Now that Parnassus has increasing book shelves in each of our eight county jails, why not start debating societies, jail forums, as it were, to get prisoners to talk about their books, with maybe someone from outside to give them an occasional lecture? Or perhaps some friend might transport Parnassus to a neighboring jail thereby lessening our chief expense, the wheels.

THE VOWS OF RELIGION

"Waste not thy substance," Wisdom saith.

Have I been wise in prodigally giving

While living

What might be hoarded in my heart till death?

The will, the elemental drive

To quarry and plan deliberately and rear

And dwell therein was dear

To me as it is to any man alive.

This is my very substance, yes,

This which I freely, prodigally gave

Is what the grave

Would some day grimly take, no more, no less.

Death men obey, made poor and coldly chaste.

Death I will cheat,

Loosing this chrism on Christ's living feet.

Wisdom will never ask me: "Why *this* waste?"

ALFRED J. BARRETT, S.J.

Education

A Refuge for Lame Ducks

JOHN WILTBYE

WHEN I entered high school, back in the days of the Consul Plancus, the head master said, "Boy, take out your Grammar, and get to work." He was a tall man, lantern jawed, and with what at the moment I took to be two particularly malignant eyes. From the Olympus of his seventy-four inches, the command came down to my fifty-five; clearly, the man was acquainted with all wiles and subterfuges, and I could not hope to toll him. His mien was authority; there were ferules in his glance. . . . I took out my Latin Grammar, and got to work. But had this masterful Jesuit never heard of the sacred rights and the intellectual prerogatives of the individual?

Probably not, for the cant was not invented in those days. Boys studied Latin in high school, or they stayed at home; they studied Latin just as a student of music studies the scales. After six months or a year of Latin, Greek was added to the list, and from the beginning the table was spread with courses in English, history, mathematics, and religion, with side dishes of German or French, and a relish of science. At this board we sat, and if at times we nibbled merely, we were never permitted to think that going to high school was just a way of passing the time. We were there to *work*, and while some, perhaps most, did work, I know well that as the years went on, the world was revealed to all of us as a place in which self-respect connoted labor. We knew that we could not wait for the apples to fall at our feet. We had to find the tree, shake it, and then pick up and sort the fruit.

I realize (only too well when I hear the children refer to "old Mr. Wiltbye" and his crotchety ways) that the training which my old school strove to give was, even then, hopelessly reactionary. I accept the impeachment and indeed claim it, for it was truly a protest against the gross and stodgy materialism which came into the world with the philosophy of the machine age. It was a training which impelled us to respect the intellectual ability which God gave us, by using it; to range over the past and in our measure to take from every age the choicest products of the human spirit; to welcome or rebuff what was new or old (and to our young minds every unfolding picture from the past was new) only after it had been examined and tested. The actual content of knowledge which we acquired was gleaned from a few fields, but it was gleaned, not merely looked at. For our school had no wide curriculum, embracing 200 courses. It was a classical school with only a few courses, based on the principle that it was better for a youngster to peg away at half-a-dozen carefully chosen and coordinated studies, than to spread before his indifferent eyes two dozen ill-assorted topics which he was at liberty to ignore, or merely taste.

It had its failures, to be sure, but not because of its

philosophy. If even the best among the pupils had not acquired a great store of knowledge at the end of four years, I think that the school gave us an eager desire to learn more; and that desire is, I think, the soul of culture and scholarship.

I thought of my old school the other day when I read that the Board of Education in New York had dropped from the subjects required for the high-school diploma "mathematics, science, and the foreign languages," primarily, it would seem, "because these are the traditional stumbling blocks for pupils." Latin and Greek, need it be said, were dropped ages ago. Hereafter, pupils entering the high schools, will be permitted to elect "a liberalized curriculum," and after four years will receive "a general diploma," or, perhaps, "a certificate."

With the announcement came a statement from the Superintendent of Schools, pointing out that the new system "involved no radical departure from existing school practice." It has long been the custom, he said, to exempt from mathematics, science and the languages "pupils who have demonstrated incapacity for formal academic work." I pass no criticism on the Superintendent; I sympathize with him. Since the law requires him to take into his high schools pupils who demonstrate their complete incapacity for high-school work, he must find something which lies within their capacities. This, it seems to me, is the choice flower of our American system of compulsory "education." It provides the pupil with something to do should he feel inclined to do it, and thus forestalls the Satanic wiles described by Dr. Watts. But in the name of Socrates, let us not call this education!

As Dr. Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, wrote some ten years ago, in reference to the training given in our high schools, "The like of it is not seen in any other part of the world." Dr. Pritchett was not formulating words of praise. What he meant is expressed in the view of the New York plan expressed by Dr. John L. Tildsley, Assistant Superintendent of Schools: "It is a refuge for lame ducks."

Many pupils will take advantage of the general diploma simply because they are too lazy to take the other course. Some science, or some mathematics, or some foreign language, is essential to a rounded education, and students who are permitted to graduate without any of these three great branches of knowledge are getting, I think, a pretty poor type of education.

None of the boys and girls who finish this course will be prepared to enter college. That, however, is not an unmixed evil. Probably about half our boys and girls are in college today because they have been able to find an institution which caters to their dislike of sustained work, or to their intellectual imbecility. The real harm, should the New York plan become common, is that the general educational level will be lowered by the founding of new institutions (or by still more liberal concession in the old).

designed for boys and girls who have demonstrated their incapacity to study mathematics, science, and all foreign languages.

I remember protesting, nearly twenty years ago, that "credits" offered by our high schools in leather working and agronomy seemed somewhat incompatible with honest ideals in education. I was answered by a high-school principal who, after saying all that could be said in behalf of coordination of muscular energy with intellectual effort, admitted that it was not easy to find high-school subjects which the modern boy and girl would care to study. But the law sent them to school, and it was incumbent upon the school administrators to keep them occupied. In the bottom of that superintendent's soul was an honest confession. Under the pressure of "compulsory education," the effort of the modern high school is to keep the lads and lasses busy with something, it matters little what, rather than to educate them. But in that case, why call the institution a school? It is, rather, a temporary, and appallingly expensive, stockade for lame ducks.

Sociology

Is the Constitution Outmoded?

WILLIAM F. KUHN

TWO-AND-A-HALF years ago, this country was looking forward to action by a Congress of new blood, new party affiliations and new vistas of social and political values. That Congress, elected by the Democratic landslide which since has been confirmed, was found on May 27 to be wanting. Directed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, and pressed by the national economic emergency, that Congress voted away the powers legally granted it, to the Presidential chair, and thus continued under executive acquisition the long-standing evils of centralization of power and the formation of bureaus, which for the last fifty years have been the cause of discontent.

Since the 1870's, this process of sterilizing the faculties of the States has been going on, halted very seldom by judicial action. The recent Supreme Court decision merely throws this question back into the limelight again—"Is the Constitution outmoded?"

"Horse-and-buggy days" seems to be an expression which definitely sets the Constitution, as an antique, back on the political mantelpiece with the relics of the Civil War and the Revolution. But were the Framers so unavoidably shortsighted and incapable of seeing further than their own times? The answer which seems to be patent arises from the seemingly insurmountable tangled difficulties left by the collapse of a highly complex economic superstructure, and the subsequent demolition of a top-heavy scaffolding erected hastily to re-establish it.

The precise method of control necessarily could not have been stipulated by our forebears, since they could not know the extent of the excesses to which we were to run. But to say categorically that they knew nothing of the difficulties we would have, and to state that our tribulations cannot be controlled adequately by that document

established so long ago, is to close one's eyes in order to avoid seeing a long and unpleasant task.

The Constitution was based upon the rights which individuals possess as members of the body politic, and it was granted in those times that these rights were permanent. If today it is to be conceded that these rights no longer exist, perhaps a revamping of the political system of this country is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary. However, since the mass of people are always essentially the same, we might without fear of contradiction admit that the people still possess the rights they were conceived to have possessed when their ruling government was constructed. With the knowledge in mind, therefore, that the framers of this document considered these rights to be permanent, it is to be granted, we trust, that they built a government with the hope and intention of its being permanent, and always protective of these rights, under any and all conditions. Consequently, they dealt in terms of general principles which were to have universal application, and not in the narrow terms of local conditions which they perceived around them.

However, the main point of contention is held to be this, that the recent complete change of life has altered our constitutional privileges and principles. The cause of this change of life, mainly the mechanization of work with its consequent labor difficulties, is claimed to have been unknowable to our forebears. On the contrary, it appears that the main point of difference between today and the 1780's rests in the fact that now there is a greater prevalence of machine work and corporate activity than then. This is not an essential difference; still, there are those who deny that such endeavor as we behold about us now, was either great or old enough to have gained serious attention, or anything but mere curiosity. Curiosity is not to be placed on a scale with business, and when a concern advertises, it is not because some people are curious about the manner in which a thing is made. Merely to list a few of the manufactories which advertised and sold their goods in fair quantities would be tedious. However, from the "History of Manufactures in the United States," Vol. 1, edited by Victor Clark, in 1929 for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, pages 163 to 192, we gather a mass of data.

Before the 1700's there were thriving industries doing inter-colonial trade such as tanners, coopers, printers, tool makers, weavers, paper makers, cloth finishers, brick and tile yards, potters, brewers, glass workers, iron workers, spinners, some of whose trade extended as far as South America. After the 1700's up to 1781, business was rapidly growing, "shop manufacturers were enlarging their business and employing more hands until their operations approached a factory basis" (page 188); in 1762 a monopoly of spermaceti chandlers was formed, all joining, save Moses Lopez of Newport who later fell into line, and a Philadelphia company, and therein was conceived a practice of fixing the prices of raw materials and the finished products, restricting the admission of new members, and calling for the control of the erection of new spermaceti works. In 1767, there were fifty sawmills on Cape

Fear alone, according to Governor Tryon's report to His Majesty's Government; towns were already noted for their particular products, Germantown for textiles, Trenton for mechanics, Lynn for iron and shoes, Haverhill, Bethlehem and Ephrata for printing, along with New Ebenezer in Georgia, and Salem in North Carolina. Georgetown had a well-known linen factory, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton conducted a manufactory of coarse woollens and linens at his plantation; while in 1781 Maryland sold part of an iron mill property for \$240,000, which in these days is still no small sum.

It would be tedious to go into all the various industries and factories which existed in the time of the founding of the Constitution, but this list, far from being exhaustive, merely indicates that the Framers could not have been entirely ignorant of such portentous industrial omens, and must have been at least partially familiar with the difficulties which ensued therefrom. It would be stupid to suggest that they saw the possibility of change and refused to make allowance for it, just as it would be inconsistent to demand that they know exactly the methods which would handle a problem which they could not minutely examine. The intention and convictions of the Founders are enough to prove they knew they were making an adaptable instrument, for they did not believe life would go on without any change. Interpretation of that instrument, in the manner and meaning of the Fathers, would be clear enough to enable us to use the Constitution to avert the threatening political and labor debacle we now face and the growing industrial domination of living.

The Government at the present time is floundering in its attempt to safeguard the rights of individuals, which, after all, are more important than the rights allotted to vested interests. The reason for this failing effort can be tracked back to the centralization to excess of the Federal Government, and the passage of ill-advised Amendments, coupled with the tendency in the Supreme Court to swing away from the simple rules of rights as understood by the founders of the Constitution, to the institution of abnormal industrial and property-respecting, as opposed to individual and person-respecting, rules of judgment and procedure. It is not to be expected that the tracing of these things is simple, or easily understood; nor on the other hand too difficult of solution to be corrected. But when the reasons and motives of the originators of the document we are proud to call our supreme law of the land are fully understood and applied to our governmental procedures in law and administration, we are able to discover the tremendous gulf between what is and what was expected to be. Full amplification of the legal doctrines proposed and sustained unanimously in the last three Supreme Court decisions shows that the possibility of returning to a closer understanding of and adherence to old Constitutional standards is not completely to be despaired of; and this resurgence of "States' Rights," separation of powers, and championship of individual Constitutional privileges should presage a new and vigorous life for American political intellectualism.

In the beginning the central government was limited

to foreign affairs, leaving domestic affairs generally to the States. Citizens were United States citizens because they were previously citizens of one of the States; persons under the Constitution were people, not corporations; and the Bill of Rights was one of the State measures to obtain what was considered domestic control and the liberty and freedom of the individual, and his protection from interference unduly offered by the Federal Government. But the trend in government, so abruptly turned after the Civil War, made the Union the sole guardian of the people, and gave to the central agency supervision over all and sundry State laws which might be called into question by concerns which had the money and resources to continue litigation long after their opponents were crushed beneath the cost of the machinery of law. Then it was that the Federal Government began its wild career into the realm of particularizing all its activities, domestic and foreign, delving into details which had formerly been denied it, then it was that too much was bitten off to chew.

It is perhaps fortunate that precedent has not the weight in the decisions of the Supreme Court which it might have. While as yet precedent is not too firmly established as the guide, for there is still too much conflict in precedents for that, there is still time for hope and a cure. What is more necessary to this country at the present time and for the future is not a violent change to newer and more radical forms of centralization under autocratic power, but, on the contrary, a return to the sensible ratiocination and individual-respecting ideas of those who founded the country. In the separation of powers into the original scheme, there is much value; in the consolidation of powers in either executive or legislative hands further along the lines followed since 1870, lies the continuance of the present governmental evils under which we labor.

The program which would return us to the original plan and extent of the Constitution would undoubtedly be difficult and long. But surely it would be better to attempt a cure than to encourage what is rapidly turning out to be self-destructive. Much litigation would be necessary, it is true, and much depends upon the impending Congressional and Presidential action upon the results of the last Supreme Court decisions. From the next Congress we may obtain a clue as to the system which has caused so much distress and trouble; simplification by division rather than simplification by addition is the remedy more likely to work out to the best advantage. The people of the United States are too Constitution-minded to permit the second; it remains only to discover if they are educated enough politically to appreciate the tremendous advantage of the political precepts of the forefathers whose ideas have been abandoned, through trickery and political chicanery. The evils under which we suffer, politically, are essentially the same as those which were sought to be abolished by the Constitution. The cure is the same as the Founders applied; consequently, it is we who are outmoded, we and our poor efforts to cure our troubles, rather than the document which should be our political guide, but which we have obscured from our sights by a cloud of verbiage and political smoke. When we advance to a reconsideration of

older methods from wiser heads, we can return to a sensible mode of government, which in the long run, will prove to be a very "progressive" retreat.

With Scrip and Staff

THE Pilgrim is usually fairly impervious to weather, fair or foul. Even August dog days cause him little worry, if they are tempered with an occasional breeze. But this August seems an exception, probably due to an unconscious sympathy with Congress. An unconscious sympathy, let me insist, since consciously I see no *great* reason for mercy in the District. After all, even when in session Congressmen get an occasional week-end off. Why should they need much more vacation than the rest of working mortals, who have not the convenience of an air-cooled workshop, a secretarial force, and a few other advantages?

Whatever the psychic cause, I find myself idly asking myself, in cynical tones: what do people want anyway? Do they want a joke column, or a prize anecdote (usually dating back to King Solomon via O. O. McIntyre), or a weep? Or helpful suggestions for the household? Or do they crave pious thoughts? The latter I could afford, though without much unction under present circumstances. But on the former I am quite dried up.

In despair I called up Father Jude ("operator: not party R, but party J"), and he replied curtly, "They want the facts." For which I thanked him, for it was excellent advice. But again came the disquieting thought: "After all, what is a fact?"

For it is not a fact that people want. Lord knows we have enough of them. A fact can madden you at two A.M. in the form of a mosquito, or facts can come in bunches as statistics. The former, of course, are God's creatures in their own way, only it is not the human way. True, they try to domesticate themselves but it is squatters' sovereignty, and the technique is not constructive. Not succeeding in their attempt at self-domestication, they cannot claim the protecting arm of the moral law, which the Church benignly extends to horned cattle, in her pronouncements against bullfights. These, you will remember, were condemned once and for all by the great Dominican Pope, St. Pius V, in his (Papal) bull, "De Salute Gregis," of November 1, 1567, which denounced these "bloody and shameful spectacles worthy of demons and not of human beings," forbade under excommunication anyone to see them or to take part. Recently some of the French Bishops have renewed the protests and penalties of Pope Pius V (the Bishop of Auch, August 6, 1934; the Bishop of Quimper, May 25, 1934, and June 8, 1934, etc.) But we have no bullfights in this country, so I cannot go on talking about them.

AS for statistics, there are oceans of these, and they may be facts and they may not. I trust that it is a fact what is reported for 1934 by the various religious

bodies of this country—207 of them—the largest increase in total membership since 1930—an increase of 1,223,064 in a single year. The Rev. George Linn Kieffer, D.D., of the National Lutheran council, has figured out that only in eleven out of all the years since 1900 was the increase of adult membership (thirteen and over) more than 900,000 in a single year. In 1934 the increase of this "adult" membership was 910,651.

Total membership for all the religious bodies of the United States is reported at 62,035,688, and 50,509,932 for thirteen years and over. Considerably smaller losses, where they occur, are reported than heretofore.

Of the 207 bodies mentioned, 157 have a membership of less than 50,000. In 1934, 97.74 per cent of the entire membership was found in the group of larger bodies and 2.26 per cent in the group of smaller ones. Figures show that the ratio for the smaller bodies is decreasing. They likewise disprove the idea that the religious bodies are not gaining so rapidly as the population. Says Dr. Kieffer: "While the population grew at the rate of 0.58 per cent in 1934, the total membership of the religious bodies grew 2.01 per cent and the 13-year-and-over membership grew 1.84 per cent." There is also a very definite increase in the percentage of the United States population that has church affiliation: 46.60 per cent in 1926; 47.70 per cent in 1931; 48.19 per cent in 1932; 48.38 per cent in 1933, and 49.07 per cent in 1934. The same increase is true of the thirteen-and-over membership.

BUT a fact is not an interesting fact unless you can do something with it, like a raise in your salary, or you can do something about it. The depressing thing about learning more facts is that you find more things you can do nothing about. Historians, of course, are sensitive on this point, and hasten to remind you that you can learn from history how to deal with the present—or is it the future? My metaphysics are a little hazy this weather. How can you deal with the future until it becomes present? And how long does the present stay present and not become past? But historians and metaphysics aside, what are you going to do about the human bull fights? "What's the use?" as a young gentleman of Rhode Island remarked last week, when he phoned to the best lawyer in town to defend him after a traffic accident, only to find that the man whose ribs he had smashed was the lawyer himself.

Possibly some light may be shed on this problem by the program adopted by the Catholic Association for International Peace, which has been operating in this difficult field for the past ten years. First, *get* the facts, whether you can do anything with them or not, advises the Association. For this reason it brings together in committees persons acquainted with particular phases of the question. These committees prepare reports, which are discussed, revised, and finally given to the public, not as reports of the Association itself, but as reports of the committees.

As for what to do about it, the Association recommends as "the first and most generally obligatory means and

action" that of education: instruction of the public in the possibility of brotherhood, the fallacies of war, the ethical and religious principles concerned. Then, as far as possible," to consider fairly and to support, so far as our abilities and conscience permit, practical proposals and arrangements for preventing war and making peace secure." Amongst these proposals is the supreme obligation of prayer.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Babies' Book Shelf

EILEEN FLICK

NOTHING in life, I suppose, is so pleasantly difficult for the average adult as thinking in a backward pause to the time when the world was composed of elves and giants and there was something equally miraculous about a beach crab or a star. But delightful as it is to reminisce, there are times when, for practical purposes, it becomes unpleasantly difficult to say whether or not nurse should be reading "Little Black Sambo" to the baby, or whether, indeed, she should even be reading to it at all.

In recent years the battle of "babies" books has become so acute as to amount almost to a mania. One school of thought gasps: "Why read lies to our children in the form of fairy tales?", while another abhors the fact that the kindergartens of today have become so practical as to illustrate the stories that they tell with blocks. Of course, either attitude of mind, carried to extremes, is obviously ridiculous. Life is not composed of precise information but rather of impulse and action. Actually it matters little that the facts alleged in children's stories never were and never can be. The important thing is that the values set forth be sufficient to enlist the child's sympathy; sufficient to afford practice for those fundamental prejudices toward right and wrong which are the earliest acquisitions of a young soul. The other characteristics of the tale, the rhythmic, the grotesque, the weird, and the droll, are mere recreation, the abundant playfulness which children require to rest them from the dangers and terrors which fascinate them.

Then, too, we must consider the children's own taste for, strange as it may seem, psychologists tell us that from earliest babyhood children have very definite inclinations of their own in this regard. Think for a moment of the uproar which would result in a kindergarten class if a dog or cat were, unexpectedly, to walk into the room and immediately you have the proof of this assertion. They have a very primitive sense of humor. The refinements and innuendos which delight the adult mind, pass them by and leave them unaffected. It is for this reason that such subtle tales as "Alice in Wonderland" are taboo for the nursery.

So let us begin at the very beginning, admit to ourselves that there is no such photographically impressionable age as that of early childhood, and do our best to meet its needs and supervise its life-long nucleus of memories.

Long before a child learns to talk it is possible to notice the keen attention that it pays to the rhythmic swing and tonal qualities of a story that is being told to older children. A baby will sit for hours giving its rapt attention to the cadences of an adult's voice as it swiftly and interestingly recounts some fact or fiction. Hence the satisfaction taken by children in songs and nursery rhymes. Their small ears hear sounds with which they are unfamiliar but which, on repetition, grow pleasantly soothing. Eventually the child learns to identify these sounds and little by little we have the birth of comprehension. Psychologically they have become interested—actually they are being inducted. The apparently pointless "Patty Cake, Patty Cake," or "This Little Pig Went to Market," are by no means so simple as they seem. They are preparing the child to identify the sounds with which he has already grown familiar as the names of definite, concrete objects.

Later, however, we come to a more important phase; the period of conscious seeking to understand on the part of the child. This is the picture-and-fable era; the time when the mind, just reaching out toward the edge of comprehension, finds something equally miraculous, as indeed there is, in a grass-hopper or a grand piano. Undoubtedly, the picture book has a distinct educational place. It may even be utilized to train the eye to an appreciation of fine color, harmony, and line. It may also feed the developing senses of fancy and humor. For this reason the selection of a child's picture book is important.

There are city children who have never seen fields of daisies, who have never played in a haycock, never driven cows to pasture, never gone flower gathering, nor ever fished with bent pins in willow-shaded brooks. Likewise there are country children who have never seen a busy city street, or trains, or a circus, or a traffic tie-up. Both city and country children may learn all these things, enjoyably, from their picture books. But to produce the best results a child should enjoy his pictures, and they should appeal through his imagination to his interests. He has definite preferences for certain kinds of pictures. When very small he enjoys linen books showing dogs, cats, horses, and other domestic animals; later, he may relish those depicting bears, tigers, and wild life. Next he likes these illustrations to be in warm colors, full of action, drawn with simple lines, and including only such detail as helps explain the story told by the picture.

Alice Dalgliesh, herself a writer of many charming tales for children, in her book "First Experiences with Literature," cites many interesting reactions gleaned from actual experiment with the children themselves. For example she relates that they have found young children to select a stupid colored picture in preference to an interesting black and white one. Next she has discovered that children of five years of age, or thereabouts, prefer line drawings to silhouette. Lastly, these experiments brought to light the fact that children are particularly attracted to flowers and animals in pictures. So much so that a tiny flower or animal had to be excluded from drawings in

which it was not desirable that the child be influenced by it.

It therefore becomes immediately obvious that in selecting picture-books for children adults should not gratify their own sophisticated tastes but should make a sincere effort to discover what it is that children really like. If more adults were willing to do this the lists of books for children under six would not be so pitifully meager nor so inaccurate as they are at the present moment. At the moment, books for boys and girls of this age are being selected rather because of the traditional notions about their illustrators than because of any proven desire for them on the part of the children for whom they are intended.

For example, consensus of opinion leans toward the belief that Walter Crane's decorative drawings are excellent for the very young child—we find his "Baby's Aesop" on many lists—but actually the Walter Crane drawings do not belong in the nursery nor do "Aesop's Fables" in any edition whatsoever. Then there are levels of appreciation of pictures. The type of elves and fairies drawn by Margaret Tarrant and Helen Sewell will appeal to any child. In fact, they probably come the closest to a child's own idea of fairies, for they are really little more than beautiful small children with wings. Of course it is obviously a fact that Cruikshank's drawings for the old fairy tales are wonderfully imaginative. Indeed he has created a fairyland that almost makes the giants grow before our very eyes. While for humor, action, and the story-telling quality, few children's artists can surpass Randolph Caldecott in his illustrations for the "Diverting History of John Gilpin," "The Babes in the Wood," "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," and other classic rhymes for the nursery.

In the slightly more sophisticated bracket we have Sir John Tenniel who, by reason of his immortal illustrations, actually did much to create "Alice in Wonderland." Such perfect harmony exists between Carroll's text and this artist's illustrations that it seems close to sacrilege to attempt to improve on them. Then, we have Kate Greenaway. Whether her drawings are entirely suitable for the very young child is still somewhat of a question—but actually they should be part of every child's education.

Perhaps I have spent too much time in discussing illustrators rather than authors for children's books; but actually during this most trying period of growth, it is the illustrators who are the most important. If more books could be published which were capable of telling the story entirely through their drawings our children would be infinitely benefited. But now to get on to the next phase of growing, and to the third and last stage of a child's development in matters literary before it reaches its sixth year.

We all realize that imagination is the most powerful factor in our daily life, and to develop it in the individual, as well as to correlate it with the reason, is consequently of the utmost importance. This can best be accomplished in childhood. For the didactic faculty, the reason, is dormant in the child, and the faculty of pure enjoyment,

the imagination, is predominant, and is the open door of the mind. Through it enters a constant procession of mental pictures, each making its impression on the plastic brain, where they are stored away until the day comes when the mind, at will, recalls the images and with them recombines and forms original designs. One of the surest ways of educating the young imagination is through the judicious use of the best literature which will enrich and stimulate the picture-making faculty. Let us consider, then, how the next steps in reading, namely fables, myths, folk and wonder tales, will aid in this development.

The fable has a special mission in the education of children. They not only please the fancy, but they satisfy a young child's craving for short, objective, moral tales, and they inculcate the virtues of prudence, foresight, honesty and homely wisdom. Fables that teach revenge, and overcoming by means of craft, should be rejected from books for children. Next we come to the consideration of the myth. Pure myths had their origin in primitive man's interpretation of nature. The rising and the setting of the sun, the return of spring after winter, the stars in the heavens, the storms and the winds and the loud-sounding ocean, all filled him with wonderment and awe. Of such myths the best types are found in Greek mythology. Harmony, poetic feeling for the beauties of the world, personification of the gentle and tender side of nature make this mythology enjoyable to little children, who love stories of flowers, trees, and living things, fountains and sudden transformation. Each Greek myth is complete in itself, and is not dependent on another tale to show forth an inner meaning. This again makes the Greek myth peculiarly applicable to little children who desire a complete story in a few words.

Last, we have the fairy story. Fairy lore is largely a product of the Celtic mind, which is fanciful and poetic. The best stories of this kind may be found in English, Scottish, and Irish folklore. They deal with the doings of "the little people," with fairy rings, moonlight dances, enchanted mountains, changelings, maidens and youths decoyed to fairy land, and with imps and elves giving pinches, nips, and bobs to bad folk. The nursery tales give like lessons. Unfortunately many nursery tales included in collections for children present perverted ideas of right, the themes of which are success by craft, lying, and theft; they also justify ingratitude, disloyalty and irreverence. These stories should be very carefully weeded out of collections for children. Good lessons, for example, are found in "Cinderella" which teaches the reward of modesty and humility; in "Toads and Diamonds" which shows how charity and a kind heart are rewarded; in "Faithful John" which tells of friendship and loyalty even unto death; and in "The Little House in the Woods" are many lessons of kindness to animals.

There is but one thing further that I would say about reading material for the baby reader: be sure that he enjoys it. In concluding this article I should like to misquote a famous epigram: "give me a child who has learned to love a good story before he is six—and he will love one the rest of his life!"

A Review of Current Books

Big Swede in Mexico

JOHN LIND OF MINNESOTA. By George M. Stephenson. The University of Minnesota Press. \$4.00.

ON AUGUST 4, 1913, the nation received the news that President Wilson had appointed as his personal representative in Mexico a politician from Minnesota named John Lind. If known at all, he was only to those few who remembered that he had been a Congressman for three terms and later Governor of his State. He soon became a national figure, more than a little comic to many, and silently sinister to others. This Review carried on a vigorous campaign against him for more than two years.

This biography, based on an unusually complete collection of private papers, reveals him as anything but comic. He was a serious-minded person, born in Sweden, and a figure of interest and some power in his State politics for fifty years. His selection for Mexico was due to William Jennings Bryan, for whom he had switched his politics in 1896. Since his Mexican adventure was easily the high light in his career, his biographer rightly devotes a good third of the book to it. Let it be said at once that it now at last justifies all the attacks made on him at the time by AMERICA.

He went to Mexico with definite instructions to encompass the downfall of Victoriano Huerta, and his complicity in Huerta's downfall is established. While in Mexico, he was in constant communication with the Carranza revolutionists, and with the more radical elements of them, as Flores Magon, the IWW labor leader. He bombarded Wilson and Bryan with dispatches demanding support of Carranza, the lifting of the embargo, and recognition of Carranza, first as a belligerent and later as *de-facto* President. After his return to the United States, he devoted nearly all his time to Carranza's cause, and he carried his efforts through until he saw the First Chief safely in power. He then kept closely in touch with the Mexican and American elements, Lincoln Steffens among others, who pushed through the ill-famed Constitution of 1917, which denied every sort of religious right to Mexicans. All of this is told in his own letters, and is a valuable contribution to the history of the time. Modern Mexico is the deed of John Lind as much as of any other man.

Of his anti-Catholic bias there is less evidence, though enough to justify all the suspicions of the time (see pp. 234, 254, 329). The best is in a letter he wrote to Rafael Zubáran on January 30, 1929, when he was seventy five; he said that "he had done his utmost to bring about the defeat of Alfred E. Smith, whose election might have undone the work that Zubáran and his associates, and later Calles, had done so well." There are exasperating hiatuses in his letters as here reproduced, and a curious silence concerning any relations with the various Protestant ministers who were intriguing at the time for the same purposes as his own. His brush with Father R. H. Tierney, then Editor of AMERICA, over the famous imaginary Bull of some Pope condemning popular education, is recounted. There is an excellent index.

WILFRID PARSONS.

Father of Catholic Emancipation

LORD BROUGHAM. By G. T. Garratt. The Macmillan Company. \$5.50.

LORD BROUGHAM was one of the first professional politicians of England, as opposed to the members of the hereditary nobility who, though amateurs, have been the rulers of England since the Reformation. His life shows the process by which the aristocracy digested into itself at times lawyers and wealthy men and gave them a share in government. Brougham's name will always be associated with the Reform Bill, popular education made compulsory by law, and the beginnings of so-called Liberal-

ism, which consisted in taking away from the common man what he needed and giving him what he never asked for. The common man in England in the nineteenth century needed some property of his own. The politicians took it away from him. The common man did not need the ballot; the politicians forced it on him.

Lord Brougham went to school in Scotland. From that education, which based itself on the classics, he acquired a powerful style. From his studies of law he attained some knowledge of what to do in politics. It is to Brougham's credit that he brought in Catholic Emancipation and the amending of the penal code. England was the most barbarous province of Western Europe in the first third of the nineteenth century. Brougham helped to bring it back to some traces of the ancient Roman order and civilization that it had been disengaged from in the storm of the sixteenth century. But Brougham suffered from the defects of the Reformation mind. He was a thorough secularist. Man was to be improved by reading more and more books and attending more and more lectures and marking more and more ballots. Thus it was that the same Brougham to whom we must be thankful for Catholic emancipation we must reprobate for compulsory state-dominated secular education. Mr. Garratt ends the life of Brougham with a quotation taken from Brougham's sketch of Voltaire: "Nor can anyone since the days of Luther be named to whom the spirit of free inquiry, nay, emancipation of the human mind from spiritual tyranny, owes a more lasting debt of gratitude." Brougham's estimate of Voltaire gives us the measure of his own mind.

Brougham thought that "spiritual tyranny" had shackled mankind and he wished to usher in a secular millennium. We have lived to see its fatal fruits of zoologism in Germany, atheism in Russia, totalitarianism in Italy, and rugged individualism in both Americas. I think that if Voltaire were alive today he would realize that the secular politician is the real enemy of the genus *homo sapiens*. Priests never circulated about maiming men in defense of a sham eugenics, nor did they herd men into armies in defense of a feverish nationalism, nor did they drive men into schools to produce obedient robots of industrial capitalism.

It is curious that the one man who saw how the nineteenth century was going, the one man who was a determined opponent of Brougham's secularism, Cardinal Newman, is not mentioned in this book. Newman predicted the division of modern England, in fact, of modern Western civilization into two camps—atheism and Catholicism. Newman was correct in his diagnosis. Brougham spent years in trying to force ballot marking. That position in the twilight of democracy is no longer defended. The author of this book is judicious and critical, but it is too bad that he does not realize that many of Brougham's reforms merely substituted newer evils for old abuses.

ALFRED G. BRICKEL.

Shorter Reviews

FELICIANA. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50. Published July 26.

THE tremendous popularity of Stark Young's novel of the old South, *So Red the Rose*, has always been a matter of some amazement to this reviewer. It isn't a question of doubting Mr. Young's knowledge and understanding of the South and its people. If such a thing is possible, he is too familiar with his subject; it has become almost a legend rather than a reality. He has lost his perspective of the people as they are and is living in a world of fragile ghosts who breathe nothing but the perfumed air of his own imagination. This air of unreality is heightened by a delicacy of style that slumps, all too frequently, into mere precious writing.

*Felician*a consists of a series of sketches of people and places, most of them in and about Louisiana and Mississippi. Unhampered by exigencies of plot, the author has given most of the brief characterizations an even more ethereal quality than is usual with

him. True, there is a certain wistful and nostalgic charm about some of the sketches, and some of them do occasionally spark with life. Virgil, Ephraim Blount, and the Marys in Heaven are humorous and understandable Negroes. And the actor at Capua is real enough. But none of them is sufficiently red blooded to rouse very much interest.

A revolt from too much realism is understandable, even commendable, but to shun reality as completely as Mr. Young does on occasion proves rather boring if taken in large doses. H. M.

DEEP DARK RIVER. By Robert Rylee. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THIS novel, the Book-of-the-Month Club's choice for July, merits not only this particular honor but the general stir of admiration it has created everywhere. The author has made a very deep and well-calculated bow before the public with his first novel, which is a more powerful book than its slightly Tin-Pan-Alley title would suggest. It is the statue of a Negro carved with the inevitable artistry of sincere writing.

Perhaps this novel was written as a sociological survey of conditions in the Mississippi South. But the general background, warmly painted as it is, fades into insignificance as the central figure of Mose grows into grandeur, and assumes the magnificence of simple nobility. It is too much to say that the book ranks with Harriet Beecher Stowe's story. But it is not extravagant to place Mose in the rarified atmosphere which Uncle Tom himself breathes.

Whether or not Robert Rylee fulfills the promise of his first novel is not important. It is enough that he has written *Deep Dark River*. E. C.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN THE SPOT LIGHT. By William A. Hirst. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.75.

THE READER will finish this book with the impression that Mr. Hirst is out of sympathy with many phases of the New Deal. In this Mr. Hirst is not unique, but it is regrettable that he fails to state with clarity and cogency the reasons which control him. Congress and the President would have fared better had they been able some thirty months ago to avail themselves of the benefit of a determined and intelligent opposition. Criticism is no less necessary today. Mr. Hirst belongs to the conservative school, and while much that he writes regarding the inhibitions placed upon Congress and the President by the Constitution is good, it seems that he fails to appreciate the great social and economic changes which have taken place since 1789. It is not probable that we shall be forced to depart from the essentials of the Constitution; still, it is well to remember that the Framers themselves provided a method of amending the Constitution. The instrument should not be changed lightly, but this wise precept does not forbid us to change it, or, when necessary, to change it greatly. P. L. B.

PRESIDENT MASARYK TELLS HIS STORY. Recounted by Karel Capek. G. P. Putnam's Son. \$2.50

APPARENTLY the common ground on which all presidents can meet is that of fishing. With his eighty-and-odd years behind him, the President of Czechoslovakia still maintains that "wherever there are trout it is always beautiful. But worms are ugly, and you have to sit with them in the same place; while with fly you can walk about." Dr. Masaryk talks about fishing, through the skilled mouthpiece of Karel Capek, who has reconstructed this life out of numberless conversations, because he talks about pretty nearly everything else—personal reminiscences of the events of colorful childhood and youth, literary, journalistic, philosophical excursions, political feuds and friendships, the World War, and his final destiny in presiding over one of the few refuges of Old World democracy east of Switzerland.

Capek reproduces the aged President talking of himself, with the digressions and little incongruities that go with such reminis-

cence. Noticeable, in Masaryk's self-portrait, is his insatiable interest in everybody and everything. Education is his hobby, as becomes a former pedagogue. Characteristic is a sort of moral optimism—that people will do right if they only pluck up some courage—an idea that he transfers from the individual to the international field. He speaks sadly and distantly of his loss of religious faith. Religion he praises, and speaks with reverence of the Church of his youth. The bitter political controversies of recent years are barely alluded to. And he is still shy of people. The lighter aspects of this story are enough to provide a day's absorbing reading. An article in this issue deals more fully with this book. J. L. F.

Recent Fiction

THE FARMER IN THE DELL. By Phil Stong. A light and entertaining story of an Iowa farmer who takes Hollywood by storm because he turns out to be a better Iowa farmer than any of the high paid, synthetic variety that the movie producers are able to hire. Pa, Ma, and Adie Boyer are an amusing and lovable trio of Iowans, and the author has succeeded in painting their homely, old fashioned virtues in attractive colors. He has even managed to poke a little good natured fun at Hollywood without resorting to the vitriol. Phil Stong is possessed of an engaging wit when he is dealing with people and places he knows, and though this isn't his most literary, nor yet his most amusing story, it provides satisfactory entertainment for a hot summer afternoon. Published July 18. (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.00)

THEIR OWN APARTMENT. By Dorothy Aldis. This author has a simple unaffected style that is rare among present-day American story writers. Such a style would lend charm to any narrative, however commonplace the incidents narrated. It has achieved just this in the present story of the first two years in the married life of a young woman. From a home in which order and privacy ruled, she is transplanted to one where both are unknown. Her gradual adjustment to this gold-fish-bowl sort of family life in the home of her parents-in-law, makes up the marrow of the tale. The setting is a Chicago North Shore suburb, probably Lake Forest. (Putnam. \$2.00)

DREAMLAND. By Clarence Budington Kelland. Very amusing light novel on the old theme of the timid-as-a rabbit chap who hypnotizes himself into boldness and conquers the world. Built, without an apology, along the lines of *Bunker Bean*, but almost as full of chuckles. (Harper. \$2.00)

THE SLEEPING CHILD. By Alice Grant Rosman. Against a background of English countryside, the charming love story of Audrey Chevening and Miles Buchanan. In her childhood Audrey had had a tragic experience which hung like a shadow over her life; and how she struggled with this shadow and eventually overcame it is the rather unusual theme. The characterizations are well done, but the book as a whole suffers from disorganization, and genuine emotions are dipped into rather than plumbed. Published June 21. (Minton, Balch. \$2.00)

IT COULDN'T BE MURDER. By Hugh Austin. A very clever mystery, carefully plotted, skilfully related. Good characterization. Well worth reading, but not a fast-moving story. Published July 5. (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00)

THE WALTERS FAMILY. By Florence M. Hornback. A Catholic psychologist applies her scientific training and common sense to the every-day difficulties of a middle-class American family. Each chapter is devoted to the analysis of a particular problem, such as lying or stubbornness, and since the viewpoint is thoroughly Catholic, the solutions are always theoretically correct and often practical. Complete with an appendix of questions on each chapter, it might be used as a text for a Mothers' Study Club, though it could not be offered as literature in the stylist sense. The characters, of course, are types rather than real individuals. (St. Anthony Guild Press. \$2.50)

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Pastors and Doctors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a Catholic physician, I have been reading with a great deal of interest the letters that have appeared in *AMERICA* recently relative to the advisability of pastors suggesting that parishioners employ Catholic physicians. May I inject a word of caution into this discussion? In the first place, I am convinced that our Church can accomplish the greatest good in combating birth-control propaganda by the usual measures; especially in the confessional and by instructions, both in season and out, and not merely at the time of a mission. To dictate the physician for a particular case, however, is almost sure to lead to unfortunate and unpleasant complications. The average individual chooses a physician because he or she has confidence that that particular physician can best serve the medical needs. If persuaded to accept a physician not of their liking, the element of confidence would be lacking. Personally, I would very much regret to have a patient consult me, not because he particularly wanted me, but because his pastor had urged him to do so.

Purely from the standpoint of the best interest of a physician, I feel that it is much better, in the average community, if his clientele embraces a cross section of all classes, both Catholic and non-Catholic. Of course, if it were known that some particular physician was deliberately advising Catholic patients to adopt practices which did violence to their consciences, it might be advisable to quietly urge that he not be consulted. Even this should be done in a most tactful manner.

Pennsylvania.

ANOTHER M. D.

Full of Interest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

With regard to the article, "Continuity of Employment," by M. P. Connery, in the issue of *AMERICA* for June 29, he states that he has been "full of his subject" for more than thirty years." To be full of a subject is one thing, and to know a subject fully is another matter. He quotes some noted professor of economics who at the conclusion of his lecture on unemployment was asked about unemployment in the Middle Ages. The professor replied "that there could not be unemployment in the Middle Ages." A little later the author continues: "Why could not unemployment exist in the Middle Ages? Because interest was not allowed. Whatever a man got he worked for. . . . Nothing going to capital in that period, etc." I assume that the Middle Ages he speaks of relates to Europe. Historically, China was an established nation before A. D. I should like to know of one year in which people were not unemployed whether in the Middle Ages, in B. C. or in A. D.

Quoting the writer again: "Why is there unemployment under the present system? Because interest is allowed, and because interest is impressed on everything of value in the world of business. The capitalists make a charge against workers in the form of interest in the annual sum of approximately twenty billions of dollars. The workers are thus short that vast sum of being able to buy back what they produced, etc. . . . That surplus is represented by the simple matter of five-per-cent interest on all capital." Where is the source and the known authorities for this statement of five-per-cent interest, and the annual total of twenty billion dollars in interest charges that the capitalists take from the workers?

It may interest the readers of *AMERICA* to know that in the city of New York the rental to be paid on savings accounts is to become two per cent on October 1st. An interest rate of one per cent has openly been discussed in the matter. The Federal Government is borrowing substantial sums on notes at the rate of one eighth of one per cent; call loans on the New York Stock Exchange bear one quarter of one per cent; time loans are at the same rate, and commercial paper at three quarters of one per cent for three to four months. Our banks are simply gorged with money to loan! The Postal Savings Deposit accounts range between one and one-half billion dollars in deposits at two-per-cent interest which may soon have to be reduced.

Of course we have many losses under the profit and loss system. Strange, how people can always see the profit end of business, but seldom are willing to face actual losses in business, and they have been enormous in the last six years. Society has progressed greatly under the existing system, and one thing is very certain: we are not giving up interest or rental on money. As to our troubles being caused by interest—that is very debatable.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

S. LEONARD HOFFMAN.

[Mr. Connery's remarks on amount of interest were written before the drop in normal rates. Ed. *AMERICA*.]

Devalued Collars

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The jeremiad of Father Bouwhuis, S.J., in *AMERICA* of July 27, wherein he laments the use of the Roman collar (so-called) by non-Catholic clerics, is parochialism at its parochiallest. As Father Talbot has indisputably shown, there is nothing specifically Roman about the Roman collar. In these days it signifies nothing more than that the wearer thereof is a minister of some religious persuasion or other. In London even the Jewish rabbis wear the Roman collar, and the only way to distinguish a rabbi from a Catholic priest is that the rabbi is invariably accompanied in his perambulations by a mustache and an *uxor placens*, neither of which are in the popular mind associated with the London Catholic clergy.

New York.

HENRY WATTS.

Opposes the Streamline

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the May 25 issue of *AMERICA* Marie Duff unsuccessfully attempts to admonish J. P. D. in his interesting letter in your May 4 issue which was appropriately entitled: "Streamlined Praying." It would be well for Miss Duff to observe that anything worth doing, and especially praying, is worth doing well. Rushed prayers are inexcusable, when one realizes that prayer is a conversation with Almighty God. A prayer must be said with humility in order to be said well, with the proper meditation upon each word, in order to be pleasing to Almighty God. Some years ago I had the honor of serving at Holy Mass with our parish priest, and he was known throughout the countryside for the magnificent and reverent manner in which he said the formal opening and closing prayers at Holy Mass. He also had sick calls and sodality meetings, etc., but he had time to pray well, too, and read the Holy Gospel with rhetorical perfection and caused one to feel he had been to church.

No, Miss Duff, Holy Mass, and the prayers before and after, were never meant to be said with "speed," and your much-hated non-Catholics are quite correct in this particular observation of a sad mistake on our part. Be assured, Miss Duff, that no Catholic will ever be equipped with ready answers to these embarrassing questions, as you falsely imagine. In closing, I would kindly suggest that you read that beautiful story in the Holy Gospel of the two men who went up to the Temple to pray, and it will give you a much more charitable attitude toward your non-Catholic neighbor.

East Orange, N. J.

BERNARD MARTIN.

Chronicle

Home News.—A new conflict arose in Congress over the President's tax program. The inflationists perceived that the passage of this program would put off indefinitely demand for printed money, since it would supply the Government with the funds needed. They therefore demanded, through Senator Borah on July 21, that the Patman bonus bill and the Frazier-Lemke Farm Mortgage Refinancing measure be given precedence. These bills are both inflationary in purpose. Meanwhile the Senate inquiry under Senator Black uncovered additional instances of alleged "fake" telegrams to Congress on utility legislation; most of these seemed due to officials of one company, Associated Gas and Electric. Since the Wheeler-Rayburn holding-company bill was still in conference, it was considered possible that the inquiry might affect its nature. Senator Black claimed to have enough material voluntarily offered to take up "twenty inquiries." On July 23, after a struggle of two weeks, the Senate finally passed the AAA bill, adding amendments to the original measure designed to protect the Government against processing-tax suits and enlarging the scope of AAA by giving the Secretary of Agriculture more power over certain commodities. The Senate bill differing largely from the House measure, it went to conference, but the House was said to be largely in favor of the Senate's changes. The Senate was then due to take up the banking bill, greatly rewritten by Senator Glass since it passed the House. The tobacco industry adopted a voluntary NRA code, under the powers granted in new legislation. The motion-picture industry, after attempting a voluntary code, gave it up for the time being, since the distributors feared adverse effect on present contracts with exhibitors. Two States, South Dakota and Iowa, joined those refusing relief to the unemployed who refuse to take work with farmers who need help for the harvest. A serious labor shortage on many farms led to this drastic measure. Serious labor troubles were threatened in Terre Haute, Ind., when a general strike was called at a rump meeting of rank-and-file workers to support striking workers at a local company. Rioting occurred and troops were called out. The officials of the A. F. of L. then stepped in and declared the general strike off. Martial law, however, still continued in force, as several companies declared a lockout in retaliation, claiming that labor contracts had been invalidated by the action. The acrimonious dispute over the Virgin Islands was finally settled by the President by transferring Governor Paul M. Pearson to a post in Washington, appointing his assistant as Governor, and removing Judge T. Webber Wilson, center of the squabble, to a legal position in this country. Laurence W. Cramer, the new Governor, was a personal appointee of Governor Pearson. Following a similar decision in Massachusetts, Federal Judges in Texas and New Jersey declared the processing tax of the AAA invalid constitutionally. Another Federal Judge

in Texas delivered an opinion that the Bankhead Cotton Act is also unconstitutional.

Mexico.—As a result of the encouragement given farmers by President Cárdenas, agrarian parties began a series of uprisings that boded ill for the peace of the country. The most important took place in the State of Tabasco, where armed agrarians forced out of office Governor Manuel Lastra, a creature of the dictator, Garrido Canabal. This was the more significant in that Garrido has always been represented by propagandists, like George Creel, as a benevolent ruler of farmers' co-operatives, while the truth was that these "cooperatives" were merely the means by which Garrido enriched himself by exploiting the workers. In Tamaulipas, agrarians rose against the Governor, and his office was declared vacant by the President, after a vote by the permanent parliamentary commission, sitting in place of Congress. The mayor of Matamoros, opposite Brownsville, Tex., was also attacked by 2,000 armed agrarians.

Naval Quotas Abandoned.—The British Government announced on July 22, through Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty speaking in the House of Commons, that it had definitely abandoned the ratio principle as a means of determining the proportionate strength of the world's marine forces. The British regarded the step as inevitable, in view of what the other Powers had done. The various Powers were to be sounded out, said Sir Bolton, on their wishes as to naval programs to be realized by 1942, at which time it was hoped that there would be a general naval conference. While the Japanese hailed the British abandonment of the ratio, they believed that the ratio idea still persisted. They denied, however, that the absence of a treaty meant either a war or a naval race. American officials began the study of the application of the rule, "equality of security" for all nations, now that the ratio plan had been scrapped.

Soviet Surprises.—Expectations of more than 200 teachers, students, and inquirers into Soviet conditions were rudely frustrated when they arrived on July 19 in Moscow to begin their summer course at the American Institute of Moscow University. The reason officially given was that the professors for the Institute had been commandeered by the Government, and none were there to take their places. Many guesses were made by the prospective students, but no further light obtained. Mystification also attended the proposed take-off of the Soviet transpolar airplane, which was to occur the morning of July 23. The flight, with Sigmund Levanovsky, pilot, was to be to San Francisco via the North Pole, as a demonstration of the advantage of the transarctic flight, in which line the Soviet fliers had been making considerable experimentation in recent years. At the last moment, however, American press correspondents were unable to discover the whereabouts of the plane. Profound secrecy continued, and the Soviet authorities refused to disclose the plane's location.

Belfast Terror Quieted.—After nine days of outbreaks caused by religious prejudices, during which nine persons were killed and many injured, the authorities of Northern Ireland were able to restore order. The Protestant mobs savagely attacked the Catholic sections of Belfast in the latter days of the rioting, after the police and the military thought they had control, and, according to the *Irish News*, 500 Catholic families had their homes wrecked and their furnishings burned in bonfires. The disorders of this year were the worst since 1922, when hundreds of Catholic families in Northern Ireland were driven for safety to the southern counties. Sir Crawford McCullagh, Lord Mayor of Belfast, appealed for "peace and good-will," and the Protestant Bishop of Down and Connor called a meeting of Protestant clergymen in which he urged the end of the religious bitterness. Bishop Mageean, of Down and Connor, addressed a letter to the priests and people directing them "to crush all bitterness out of your hearts, give offense to no man, avoid all occasions of arousing animosities, assist in the maintenance of order, and not to impede the police or soldiers in the performance of their duty." In the House of Commons, in answer to a question of the Labor leader, George Lansbury, the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, deplored the rioting but placed the responsibility on "unruly followers." The cause of the Protestant assault on Catholics was traced to the resentment that has continued since May when Catholic Nationalists refused to participate in the King's Jubilee celebrations.

Free State Aroused.—Condemnation of the outrages committed in Belfast was uttered by both Protestant and Catholic spokesmen in the press of Dublin and other cities throughout the Free State. The Protestants stressed the spirit of religious toleration accorded them in the Catholic areas. Nevertheless, the resentment against the Belfast attack on Catholics showed itself in anti-Protestant demonstrations and, in Limerick and a few other places, some young men broke the windows of Protestant stores and meeting houses. Their action was severely condemned by the priests who declared that "those responsible were guilty of a grave sin against charity and justice."

Laval's Economies.—The 1,500 persons arrested in the demonstration against the Government's economy decrees were released on July 20, and the police held only twenty-six for further investigation. It was found that many were merely unemployed workers or spectators, but the police decided that those demonstrators who were members of the Government's departments should suffer disciplinary measures in some degree. Meanwhile the business interests of the nation displayed anxiety over the decree. The general impression was that unless something definite were done to stimulate trade, the sacrifices imposed upon all classes by the economy measures would prove fruitless. The politicians of the Left were more bitter. They protested that the purchasing power of the people was being drastically lowered and that State em-

ployes were forced to endure greater sacrifices than the employes of private business. There was a good deal of discussion, too, relative to the nation's commercial policy. Several journals demanded that the quota system be suppressed. And the Bank of France lowered the discount rate from four to three and one half per cent.

Vatican Neutrality.—The semi-official Vatican newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, published a long editorial on July 23, taking a neutral position in the Italo-Ethiopian controversy. This was the first notice taken by the journal indicative of the Vatican's stand. At the same time the press pointed out that the Holy Father was on good terms with Italy and had shown particular favor towards Ethiopia. The press recalled that the Pope had himself built an Ethiopian College within Vatican City's limits, and that this was the only foreign college inside the walls.

British Trade Gains.—In reviewing the trade position before the House of Commons, Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, declared that the growth of trade since 1922 had been remarkable and that 1935 was showing the greatest volume since 1929. He ascribed the recovery to the imposition of the tariffs, to the fulfillment of the agreements reached at the Ottawa conference, and to the trade agreements later made with foreign countries. Despite this progress and the general increase in employment, Laborites pointed out the distress and unemployment in Northern England and Wales.

Nazi Assault Catholic Church.—Instructions were issued by the Ministry of Justice to apprehend all Catholic priests who defended Catholic doctrine that was contrary to Nazi teaching. Msgr. Cesare Orsenigo, Papal Nuncio to Germany, was said to have delivered a second Vatican protest against Nazi violations of the Concordat. Priests in Freiburg, Baden, read from the pulpit a letter from the Episcopate characterizing the Nazi assault on the Catholic Youth organizations a Concordat violation, but were not molested, the decree of the Ministry of Justice not having been promulgated in Freiburg. Catholic sermons elsewhere avoided subjects calculated to give Nazi secret police a pretext for arresting the preacher. German Catholics were said to be waiting the meeting of the Bishops scheduled to be held in Fulda, August 16, when a general policy to be pursued in the present crisis was expected to be outlined. The Reich League of Catholic Front Fighters was dissolved, and a Catholic Youth organization was suppressed in Baden.

Intimidation of German Catholic Workers.—Steps were taken throughout the Reich to intimidate German civil servants into transferring their children from Catholic Youth organizations to the Hitler Youth. The Governors of Stettin, Doeslin, and Schneidemuehl forbade Catholic organizations to appear in formation, to show Catholic flags or to conduct outdoor sports. Minister of the Interior Frick issued a decree forbidding Catholic

Youth organizations to wear uniforms, carry emblems or stage public demonstrations with display of their banners. Count Wolf von Helldorf, a reputed Jew-baiter, was appointed Police President of Berlin. Hans Kerrl became head of the Department of Church Affairs. Two members of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, the Rev. Martin Utsch and the Rev. Rudolf Wilmsen, were sentenced to prison for alleged violation of the exchange regulations. Chancellor Hitler's paper, the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, declared: "Political Catholicism is public enemy No. 1." Secret police of Muenster, Westphalia, confiscated an issue of the Bishop of Muenster's official journal. Informed opinion leaned to the view that the new Jew-baiting campaign and the anti-Catholic onslaught represented an attempt on the part of the Nazi Government to divert the minds of the German people from grave financial difficulties. The report that an American midshipman had been arrested in Berlin was declared by Ambassador Dodd to be without foundation.

Italian Bank Reserves.—On July 22, the Italian Government by a royal decree suspended its former requirement of a forty-per-cent gold coverage for its notes. The official gazette announced that the decree of December 1927, which stabilized the lira, would henceforth be inapplicable so far as regards Article IV, and stated that this was due to the necessity of procuring means of making foreign payments of an exceptional character. Clearly this meant that the Government was faced with the urgent need of buying and paying for supplies of foreign materials with which to furnish the military forces in Ethiopia, and the decree would permit Premier Mussolini to dip into the gold reserves of the Bank of Italy. The deficit for 1934-35 was estimated at about \$170,000,000, but war costs were expected to increase this total very much. As a result of the Government's action the lira experienced a small but definite decline in the foreign-exchange markets. But because the Government held what was virtually a foreign exchange monopoly, no great fluctuations were expected. On the other hand, State interest-bearing securities dropped in value and were accompanied by a rise in industrial stocks, a phenomenon which seemed to show that financial interests feared ultimate devaluation and inflation.

Austria Mourns Dollfuss.—A two-day mourning demonstration to commemorate the memory of Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss was organized by the Government. Flaming candles were placed in the windows of homes; radio speakers extolled the murdered leader. Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna by Cardinal Innitzer, with President Miklas and the Cabinet in attendance. A two-minute period of silence was followed by tolling of church bells and salutes from artillery garrisons all over Austria.

Croat Leader Feted.—Croatian national aspirations were cheered when on July 20 the red, white, and blue Croat banner waved again over the Croat capital, Zagreb,

on the occasion of the fifty-sixth birthday of Dr. Vladimir Matchek, Croat Peasant leader. Enthusiastic demonstrations took place, with a parade of 80,000 persons and a great torchlight parade at night. While Dr. Matchek urged peace and absence of all turbulence there were some minor outbreaks. Some Catholic Croatians were reported as attacking Orthodox Serbian "patriots," who, however, were protected by the police.

Floods in China.—Early July was marked by the overflow of the Yangtse River, followed by floods spreading over an area 600 miles long, and causing more damage than the 1931 disaster. While a complete check on the loss of life and the damage to property could not be had, at least 50,000 were said to have perished and 25,000,000 homes were imperiled, and property losses were very heavy. Disease and famine followed in the wake of the flood. By the middle of the month the Yangtse had reached fifty-two feet, one inch, near Hankow, a bare nine inches below the top of the dikes. To raise these to a fifty-four foot level 10,000 soldiers and coolies worked day and night. But serious as was the Yangtse River situation, towards the end of the month the condition of the Yellow River became even more threatening. Its overflow also swept thousands to death. The great Chinese stream completely broke its eighty-three-year course and rushed into a lake 120 miles distant.

Netherlands Cabinet Crisis.—Opposition to Premier Hendryk Colijn's economic and social program voiced by both Catholics and Socialists threatened to upset the Netherland Cabinet. In the course of argument on the Government's retrenchment bill the Premier asked the lower House of Parliament to vote unequivocal confidence in the Government. Speeches, however, by leaders of the major political parties, the Catholics and Laborites, indicated their unwillingness to approve the policy. As they make up the majority of Parliament, the Premier asked an adjournment for a Cabinet session and a conference with Queen Wilhelmina. The fate of the guilder and the gold standard was involved in the parliamentary struggle. Three major air disasters of the Royal Dutch Airlines were reported in the middle of the month: in the last thirteen people were killed.

"Theology for Layman" is the attractive title of an article next week by Leo A. Cullum. It will tell how such a thing has been realized for laymen in Rome.

"Manicheism in Our Time" will be by William Thomas Walsh, who after finding it in the fifteenth century now finds it in our own.

The reason why there is so much difference in judgments about motion pictures lies in the films themselves. Edward S. Schwegler will show how in "Judging the Movies."

Norbert Engels will contribute a human-interest sketch next week, a bit out of the beaten path—"The Showdown."